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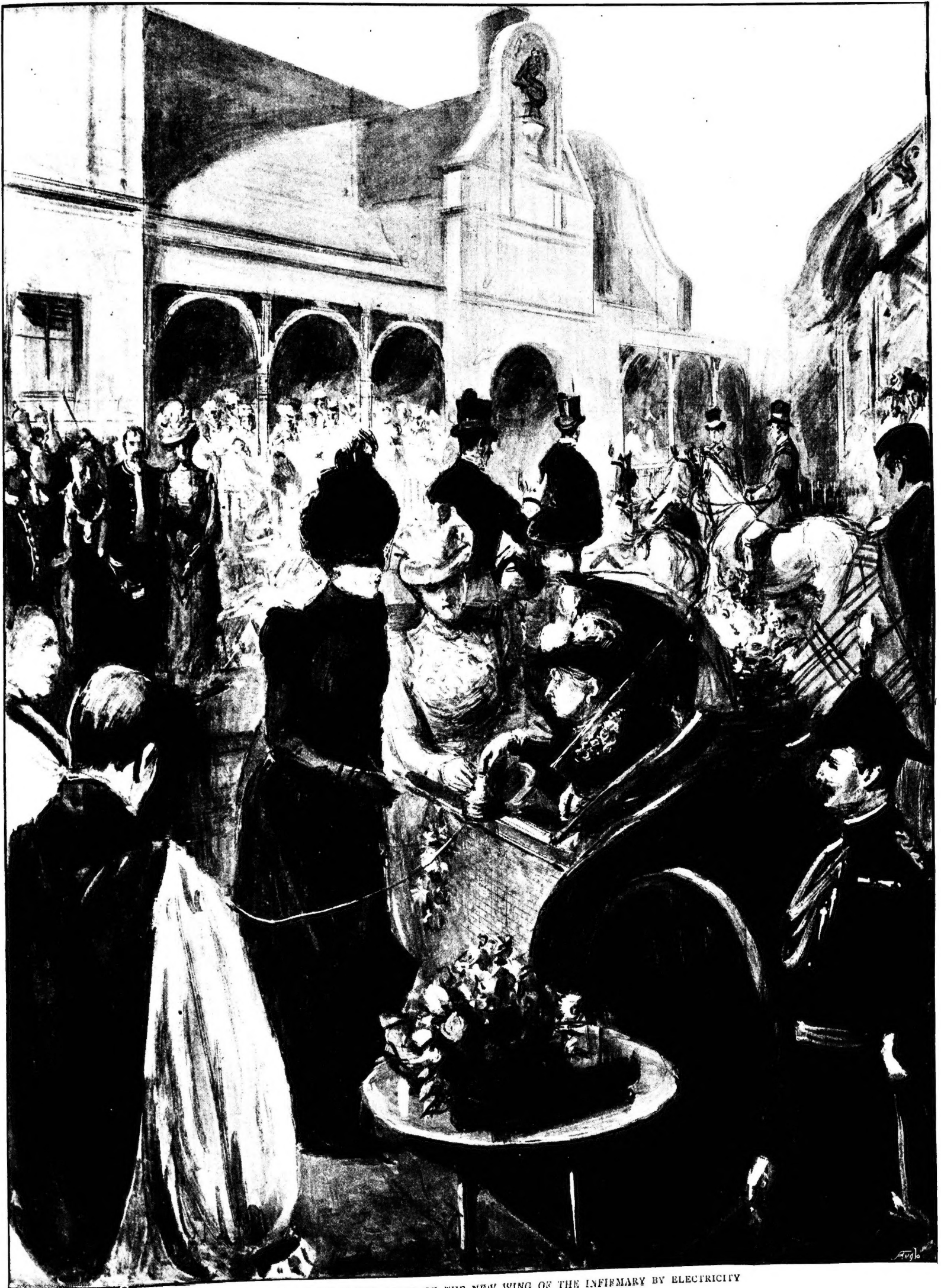
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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HER MAJESTY OPENING THE DOORS OF THE NEW WING OF THE INFIRMARY BY ELECTRICITY
THE QUEEN AT RYDE

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Topics of the Week

The Lull in South Africa MR. CHAMBERLAIN has made one further effort to maintain the peace in South Africa. For the firebrand he is so often pictured by the Opposition Press, the Colonial Secretary is certainly fertile of pacific expedients. When Sir Alfred

Milner declared in his famous despatch of May 4 that force was the only remaining remedy, Mr. Chamberlain proposed the Bloemfontein Conference. When President Kruger passed his new Franchise Act Mr. Chamberlain declined to be hurried into declaring it inadequate, and proposed to take time to study it. Now that it is clear that the measure will not meet the urgent requirements of the crisis, the Colonial Secretary still refuses to resort to coercion, and suggests a Joint Inquiry to ascertain the exact way in which the Act will operate. It is only fair to call these facts to mind when every day we are assured from the house-tops that Mr. Chamberlain is thirsting for Doppler gore, and is bent on plunging South Africa into the horrors of a race conflict. The proposed joint inquiry has produced a momentary lull, but otherwise the crisis is not essentially relieved. The great debates in the Lords and Commons have shown, indeed, that the antagonism of London and Pretoria is as sharp as ever. The "finally fixed" of President Kruger has been met by both Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain with a declaration that this country means to have its way. What renders the decision of the Imperial Government all the more significant is the utter collapse of the Opposition on the Transvaal Question. Parliament has virtually given a free hand to the Government, and nobody is now under any illusion as to what will occur if, in the very near future, the Transvaal does not satisfy the legitimate requirements of the Uitlanders. The present lull, too, cannot be of long duration. With trade paralysed throughout South Africa the time for protracted negotiations has gone by, and if the Joint Inquiry cannot be arranged very shortly a more drastic solution will have to be sought. The Transvaal is, of course, anxious to delay the day of reckoning, and it has already manifested its intention of requesting that the inquiry shall relate not only to the Uitlander Question but to all the disputes pending between the two Governments. This, of course, cannot be acceded to, for it would mean the postponement of a settlement for a very long time. Moreover, there is no reason, as Sir Alfred Milner has pointed out, to consider other questions if only the Uitlander Question can be solved. This, of itself, will lead to the automatic satisfaction of the grievances which lie at the root of all the disputes now pending between London and Pretoria, while others can be settled by correspondence. That even now there is any danger of war we do not for a moment believe. The events of the last few days must have deprived President Kruger of not a few illusions. He knows now that there is no chance of hampering Mr. Chamberlain either in St. Stephen's or at Cape Town, and consequently that he must either give way or destroy the work of his life in a resistance which can only terminate the independent existence of his Republic. He may, perhaps, make a last effort to negotiate, but he will not go further. At one moment it was feared that he would be unable to restrain the bellicose tendencies of his own people. It has, however, been rendered clear by the debates on his dynamite monopoly that the majority of the members of the Volksraad are even more disposed than he to listen to reason.

Except among very extreme Ritualists, perhaps, no exception will be taken to the very sensible and thoroughly practical character of the Archbishop's pronouncement on the ceremonial use of incense and lights. There was, really, only one question before the two great prelates; are the incriminated practices into which they had to inquire in conformity with the Prayer Book? The Court, if such an informal tribunal may so be called, has delivered judgment to the contrary, and as its purely spiritual composition cannot be questioned, the Extremists would falsify all their declarations if they refused obedience merely because the Archbishops have no power to enforce their ruling. Lord Halifax and his party must surely perceive that they have brought matters to a supreme crisis. Is there to be discipline in the Established Church, or is every clergyman to be a law to himself? That is the broad question lying behind the Archbishop's deliverance, and there will be anxious suspense among all sincere Church people until it is definitely answered in one way or the other. The Ultras have had a long, attentive, and not unsympathetic hearing before the very sort of tribunal they have always professed to desiderate, and it is hardly conceivable that they will set at open defiance judges chosen, before all other men, by themselves. That would, indeed, be a case of "heads I win, tails you lose."

The Tsar's eirenicon has produced some good after all; it has elevated Sir Julian Pauncefote to the British Peerage. Never did any diplomatist better deserve the honour; it is largely through his persistent endeavours at Washington that our relations with the United States have become so close and friendly. The creation of this *entente* was, by itself, an important contribution to the peace of the world, the central object of the international council at The Hague.

But there was even more direct gain from Sir Julian's attendance in the adoption of his proposal to establish a permanent tribunal of international arbitration. That is among the very few practical results of the Conference; all the more ambitious projects for antedating the millennium have dissolved in mist. Englishmen may be excused, therefore, if they feel a sense of pride in having, through their able representative, redeemed the Conference from barrenness. Unhappily, there are no more signs of lasting international concord than when it first assembled. Christendom remains "an armed camp."

Although the Irish Congested Districts Board still has much uphill work before it, the progress already accomplished affords good hope of complete success later on. Both instruction and assistance are given to the struggling peasants, and it cannot be doubted that many who must have otherwise gone under are within easy distance of shore. During the year terminating on March 31, the Board bought over 11,000 acres for re-sale and irrigation; it started an experiment of growing early potatoes on the Cornish system; the attendance at home industry classes has increased threefold; there is a brisk demand for all the lace these classes produce; most important of all, fourteen new decked herring boats have been added to the board's previous fleet, bringing the total number of these fine craft up to 104. Necessarily, this scientific campaign against starvation and misery involves large expense; that is unavoidable. But the money, whatever the amount, will be well laid out if it results in teaching the Irish people generally to fight against economic and climatic disadvantages. If the board is able to accomplish so much in congested districts, the uncongested should be able to get on without any resort to outside aid.

In Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

AT the meeting of the House on Monday Mr. Arthur Balfour, questioned about holiday prospects, observed that if the House showed very great ardour in transacting business he did not think it absolutely impossible that the prorogation might take place on Wednesday in next week. That was a bait thrown with skilful negligence, to which the House rapidly rose. With the thermometer at eighty in the shade, with the knowledge that out of 680 members the odd 480 are already by moor or sea or *bain*, it is hard work to make believe at legislation at Westminster.

To do the Opposition justice they made one gallant final effort to show that—like the harp that once through Tara's hall the soul of music shed—still they live. It happened on the Colonial Loans Bill. The mere fact that the measure was in charge of Mr. Chamberlain sufficed, as usual, to attract the embarrassing attention of gentlemen below the Gangway opposite. For once in a way, warned by earlier experience, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman justified his claim to the title of Leader of the Opposition. Mr. Chamberlain, secure in the sense of majority, did not condescend to offer a word in explanation of a Bill which pledges the Imperial Exchequer to the extent of 3,351,820*l.* "I move," he said, when the Order of the Day was reached. Thereupon Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman protested against practically introducing such a Bill on the very last day of July. It is true the motion made was for the second reading. But there had been neither explanation nor debate on the first reading, and, as an endorsement on the back of the Bill showed, it was only on July 27 that the Bill had been ordered to be printed.

The keynote sounded from the Front Opposition Bench was taken up and became a full blast from the scantily filled Opposition Benches. Help came to them from an unexpected source. Mr. Cohen, whose docile political habits are indicated by the fact that he sits immediately behind the Treasury Bench, rose to take part in the discussion. It was expected, as a matter of course, that he would simply say ditto to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had replied to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. Mr. Cohen, however, to the manifest annoyance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Colonial Secretary, sitting shoulder to shoulder on the Bench below him, turned the Bill inside out. It was, he said, a measure that required closer examination than ordinary financial bills, since it introduced a new and dangerous principle. It authorised the Treasury to make whatever advances it pleased. When they were made and the money gone the House of Commons would have played off upon it the farce of its approval being solicited.

Things began to look bad on the Ministerial side. If these things were done in the green tree of the faithful above the Gangway, what would be done in the dry groves below the Gangway, where Mr. Maclean, Mr. Bartley, and Mr. James Lowther sit? The Opposition were evidently prepared to take a division. Even if Mr. Cohen was alone in joining them it would be an awkward thing. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to be accustomed to find relief in moments of exasperation by indulging in audible soliloquy of a peculiarly pointed character. Whilst Mr. Cohen was speaking, Sir Michael's lips were observed to be in motion. Right hon. gentlemen on the Bench immediately opposite even caught some of the phrases. Whatever may have been their purport they wrought a marvellous change in Mr. Cohen. Having demonstrated that the Bill was a dangerous innovation, which should at least have devoted to it opportunity for full discussion, he suddenly concluded by expression of the hope that the Bill would be speedily passed into law! After a moment's perplexed pause the Opposition burst into a roar of laughter. "I don't know why hon. members laugh," said the belated member, and made haste to sit down.

Mr. Labouchere, avowing himself a convert to Mr. Cohen's argument, announced his intention of taking at least fifteen divisions on as many proposed loans set forth in the schedule of the Bill. "Let us see what that will come to," he observed, and genially proceeded to do a little sum for the benefit of Ministers. "Allowing, say, fifteen minutes for each division will account for nearly five hours." That is rather a liberal computation according to the ordinary multiplication table. But no correction was made. "Adding an hour for discussion of each proposal and you have,"

according to Mr. Labouchere's increasingly surprising process of arithmetic, "150 hours appropriated for Committee stage of the Bill."

That was all very well, and when the Committee stage was reached the Opposition did their best to revive the ancient rules of obstruction. But it was another sultry night, and the Opposition has not in him the staying power the Irishman develops on his active campaigns. At the beginning of the week the Leader of the Opposition had behind him threescore and ten men. Four years ago in this very month of August Mr. Parnell and Mr. Shaw, with a third of that force, kept the Government at bay for night for weeks. After a spurt of obstruction round the Colonial Loans Bill opposition collapsed, and the week has seen a swift winding up of the business of the Session. Bills which, in any circumstances, would claim the appropriation of a night, and for successive stages have been rattled through in batches, as the Speaker could put the question from the Chair. For Supply, what votes stood over for lack of time to discuss, were triumphantly carried through by what is known as the *prorogation process*. One after the other, in swift succession, the hostile amendments were lopped off, and everything made ready for the Prorogation on the appointed day.

"Place aux Jantes"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

WITH the Goodwood week the festivities of the London season may be considered at an end. The week, familiarly called the Goodwood, has this year been especially successful. The perfect weather, the presence of Royalty, the agreeable relaxation of the freedom of country life, the relaxation of town conventions, the very fact that the function is final, all combine to make this a particularly pleasant one. The *al fresco* luncheon parties, the spreading trees, the cool green grass, the wide expanse of park, and the invigorating air blowing over the Downs to the sea, remove all the fatigues of ordinary racing, and enable women to look their freshest and prettiest to the last.

A novel feature was Mrs. Langtry's success, and her winning the Goodwood Plate and Goodwood Cup, the two great prizes of the week, with the same horse. Few women have owned race-horses before, and the example is not one that can easily be followed owing to the great cost of racing. A friend of mine and an experienced sportsman once gave it as his opinion that to race successfully a man should have 10,000*l.* a year to throw away. Of course, women, as a rule, can make no pretence to such expenditure, and besides they are more frugal and more timid, and do not like to take great risks. Nevertheless, betting on races is certainly increasing among women. They follow the vicissitudes of sport keenly, they wager freely, and employ their own commissioners privately. Racing in itself, the breeding and keeping of horses, is an interesting and healthy pursuit; it is the betting which gives rise to all the objectionable features, and it is the betting which unfortunately attracts women.

With the return to the country, the ardent pursuit of games and amusements commences. Of late years, golf, tennis, and cricket have all commanded the attention of women, who have really improved immensely at the latter game. Lady Maud Barrett brought out her team of cricketers last week, at Uxbridge, and pitted them against the girl graduates of the Mabel Roberts College. The latter bowled extremely well, and finally won the match easily. Cricket is certainly not suited to feminine dress, and it says much for the dexterity and pluck of girls that they are able to make any show at all in the game.

A heading in one of the daily papers entitled "The Drowning Season" reminds one how necessary it is for men and women alike to learn swimming. The melancholy record of accidents is invariably the same, a boat upset, people wading in out of their depth, falling accidentally into the water, or trying heroically to rescue friends in danger while unable to swim themselves. Swimming is such a delightful and such an easily acquired accomplishment that one wonders it is not universal. The restrictions placed on bathing in the sea and in rivers is perhaps to some extent answerable for the omission, yet the naïve answer given in a furnished house I visited with a view to hiring, somewhat upset this view. I remarked that there were no baths in the house, and the answer was "but then the river is so near." That is it; rivers are near. Water, except in the drought in the East End, is plentiful, but people are too indolent or too careless to learn to swim. At Uxbridge and Radley the boys are forced to acquire the art ere they are allowed to boat, and in some, even of the preparatory schools, swimming baths have been instituted, but the great mass of girls and boys never learn. It would be better to omit calisthenics or music, or some other accomplishment and to be able to save life, and feel secure one's self when in the water.

In France it seems that people set a distinct value on good actors for Mons. Coquelin, who has been a free lance for two years, is now being petitioned to return to the Théâtre Français, where he was banished when he started off on a tour to Russia without success. Negotiations have been so far successful that he has promised to return like a good sheep to the fold, in 1900, on condition that he receives a large salary, and an annual holiday, during which he may play to his heart's content in foreign countries. That is one of the drawbacks of subsidised theatres, their *secundities* are not liberty to accept foreign engagements. This would certainly suit our actors and actresses, who are for ever travelling in Australia, or the provinces, and seem to be rarely in the theatres.

Owners of property, women especially, should interest themselves in the improvement of the agricultural interest as has done Lady Warwick, whose example might profitably be followed by landed proprietors. She has established at Dunmow a school for providing secondary education to boys and girls, where they are taught how to become practical farmers, gardeners, and cultivators, and what is even more important, where their future wives learn household work, bee, poultry, and fruit culture, besides their primary employment. On all hands it is admitted that half the prosperity of the farmer is owing to his woman-kind, to their energy, industry, and experience. The modern farmer's daughter, however, thinks work beneath her, and aspires to play the piano, and dress showily. A little encouragement on the part of ladies might cause her to grow interested in agricultural pursuits, and like Mary in

"A little Bode," to be found charmingly employed butter-making in her dairy, and so the comfort and fortune of the family be saved.

It is the time for cycling tours, when the evenings and mornings are fresh, and the weather tolerably assured. The difficulty with most women is the transit of clothes. For men the problem is easily solved. But woman's belongings are numerous, and far too cumbersome. The best way, of course, is to send on a portmanteau to the large towns or places where a halt is to be made. Still even this arrangement does not do away with the necessity for taking something on one's bicycle. The skeleton frame, hanging to the front fork, which can be made to bear 56 lbs. can, for another on the back stays, should be sufficient. Let me mention to women the absolute necessity of wearing flannel on their legs. The cotton blouses most girls prefer are very apt to cause chills. Sides which flannel is really lighter and cooler to wear, as most of us know. The skirt must not be too heavy. I have known many women tire before they should, owing to the weight of their dress. A light serge or tweed is the best possible wear. On a tour over overtire yourself, and always take the first ten miles easy. Instead of spinning along very fast at first, and then slowing down, fatigue gains on you.

People who rarely patronise the vegetable soups so popular at this season of the year they are not only excellent and nutritious, but also admirably wholesome and cooling. Carrot, cucumber, lettuce, pea, potato, and a mixture of every variety of vegetable may be pressed into the service. Some people like the soup made only with milk and cream, others prefer it on a basis of delicate white stock, but either way these soups are delicious, and, especially in the country, serve to use up all kinds of odds and ends of vegetables which would otherwise be thrown away.

THE GRAPHIC

SUMMER NUMBER.

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"CORNER OF OLD ENGLAND," C. E. Johnson, R.I.; "ROSES HAVE THORNS,"

Haynes Williams; "THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS," W. H. Margerson;

"PARTRIDGE DRIVING," A. Thorburn; "STORMING OF DARGAI," Catton

Woodville; "THE DREAMERS," Albert Moore; "FIRE WORSHIPPERS," Herbert

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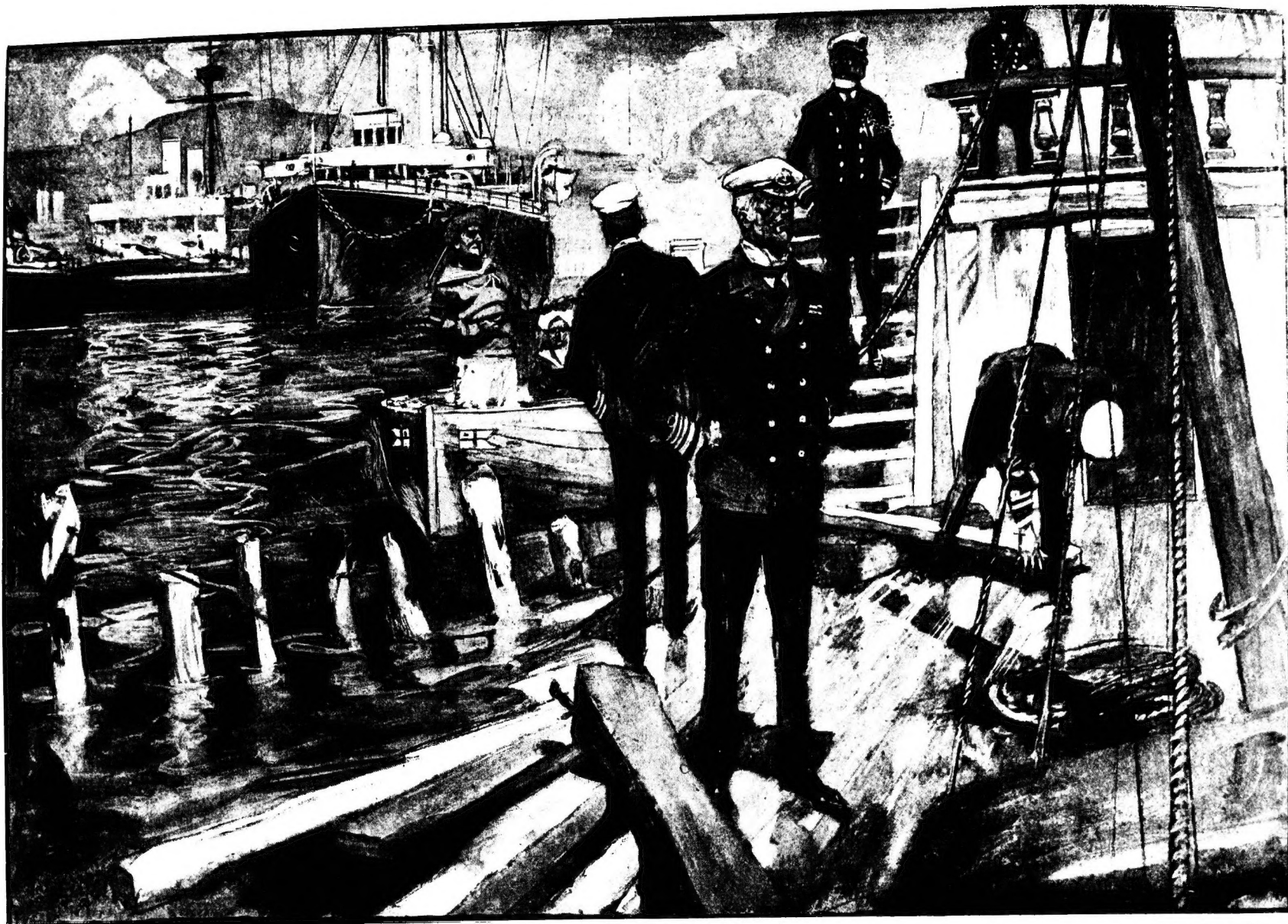
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DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

Before leaving Berehaven Admiral Domville boarded the derelict *Siddartha*, lately brought in from the Atlantic by H.M.S. *Melampus*, and examined the wreck, which for five months had been a grave menace to the mercantile marine. The shattered hulk presents a most mournful appearance; her bulwarks and hull are

destroyed to the water-line, and all her spars and rigging washed away. By a strange coincidence the station allotted to the *Melampus* for anchoring in Berehaven was close to the derelict

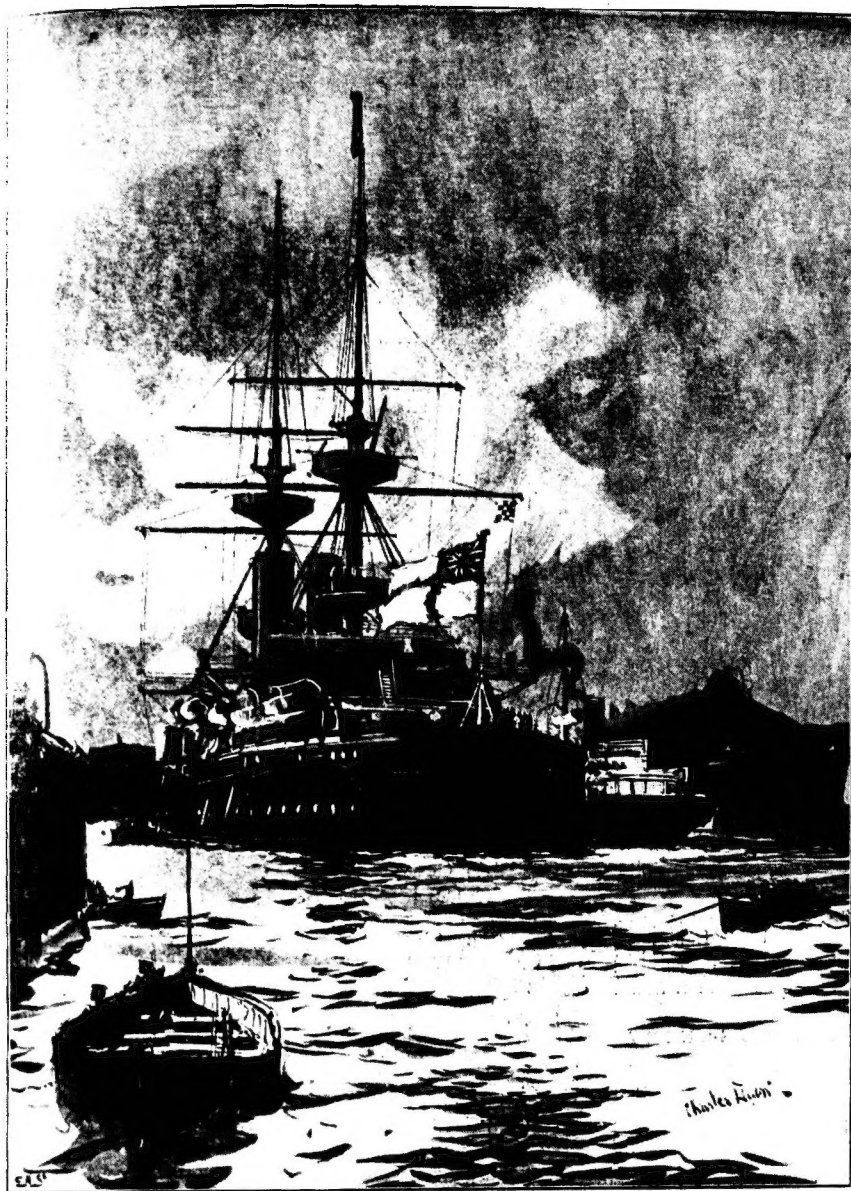
WITH THE RESERVE FLEET: THE ADMIRAL BOARDING A DERELICT IN BEREHAVEN HARBOUR



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY C. N. COLE, R.N.

AN INTERVAL IN COALING: A SCENE ON H.M.S. "PRINCE GEORGE"
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES



THE FIRST EXCURSION STEAMER FROM BELFAST

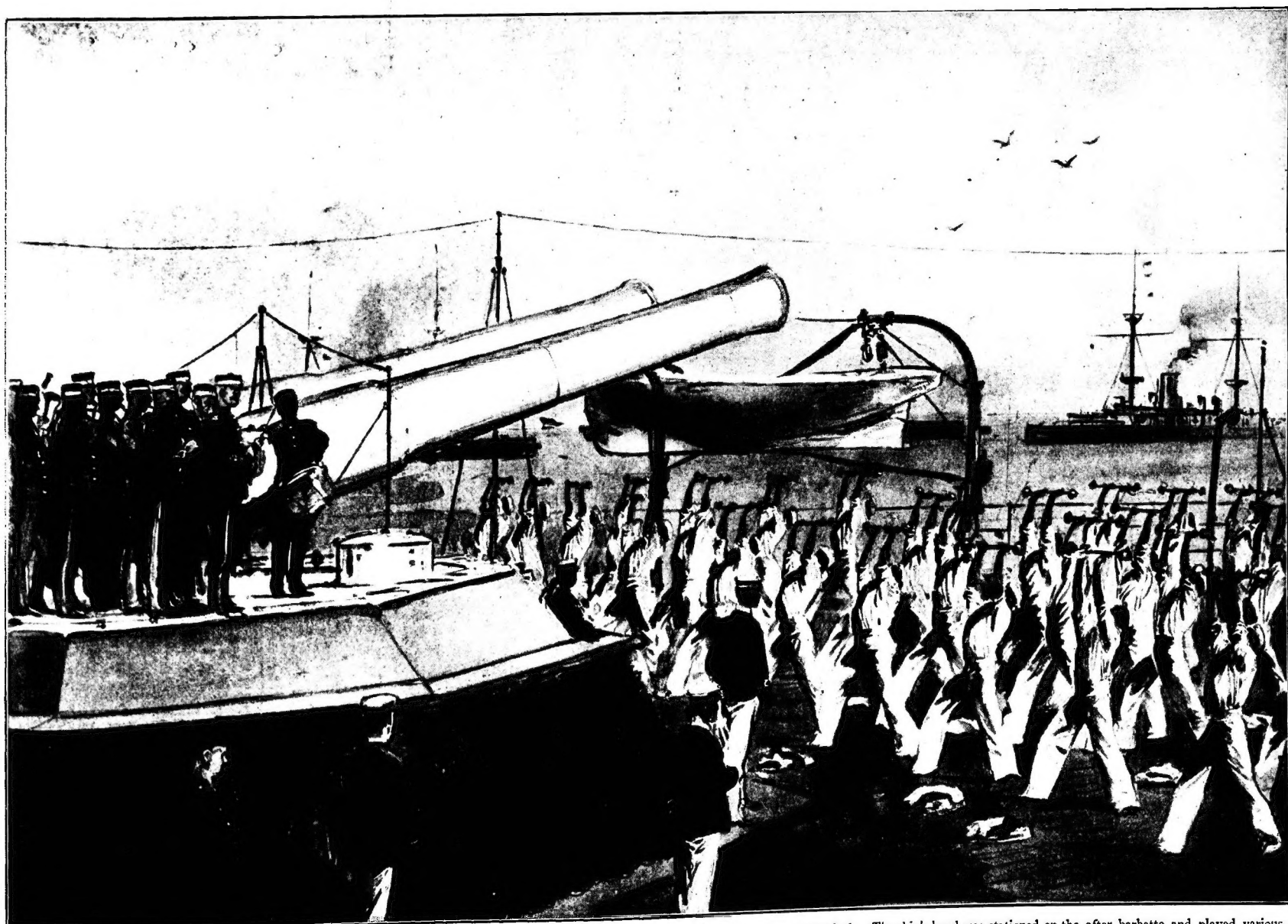
DRAWN BY C. DIXON



A DEATH IN THE FLEET: FLAGS AT HALF-MAST

FROM SKETCHES BY C. W. COLE, R.N.

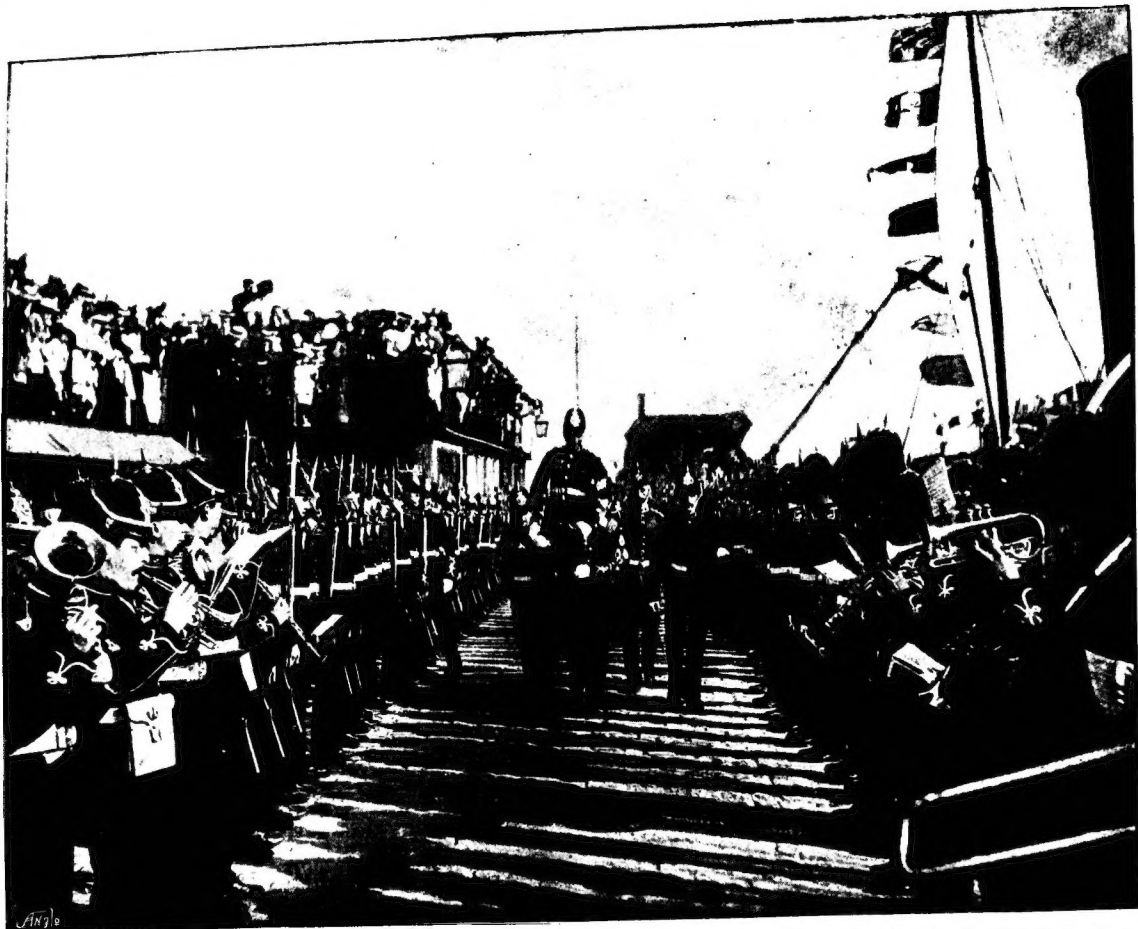
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: WITH THE "A" FLEET IN BANGOR BAY



While the battleship *Howe* was lying at anchor at Berehaven the Naval Reserve men serving on her were drilled with the bar-bell on the quarter-deck. The ship's band was stationed on the after barbette and played various tunes, giving the time to the men as they went through the different exercises

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: MUSICAL DRILL ON BOARD H.M.S. "HOWE"

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD



Private Priaux, the Queen's Prize winner, met with a grand reception on his return to Guernsey. Thousands of people collected at the landing-stage and cheered vociferously as the Great Western boat steamed into the harbour. On landing, Private Priaux was carried shoulder high to a carriage drawn by four greys, gaily decorated. Then, accompanied by the band of the 1st Royal Guernsey Light Infantry, and escorted by a detachment of the battalion, he was drawn in triumph through the main thoroughfares to the Royal Court House, where he was received and heartily congratulated by the Lieutenant-Governor, the Bailiff, the Jurats of the Royal Court, and the principal inhabitants. Our illustration is from a photograph by T. A. Grut, Guernsey

WELCOMING THE QUEEN'S PRIZE WINNER AT ST. PETER PORT, GUERNSEY

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

MANY years ago I wrote a paper entitled "Peripatetic Politeness," in which I had a good deal to say with regard to the want of courtesy among travellers by railway. Judging from the numerous letters I have received on this subject lately, the homily above alluded to does not seem to have had the smallest effect, and the manners of passengers, be they first, second, or third class, do not appear to have improved in the least. A correspondent wishes to know what is the law with regard to securing seats in a railway carriage by means of depositing thereupon some property of the seiser. Such a proceeding is generally deemed conclusive and sufficient among the majority of travellers, but an absolute regulation on the subject is required to control those who have no manners whatever. My correspondent, it appears, secured a seat in the usual way by leaving his bag upon it. In his absence someone else moved the bag and occupied the seat and refused to quit it. Whereupon the owner of the bag took the intruder by the collar and promptly removed him. This was a common-sense and satisfactory proceeding which is very refreshing, but common-sense is not always law, and, if the case had been argued in court, I fear it might have been found to be somewhat complicated.

Another view of the same subject is embodied in the story of a once well-known and irrepressible humorist, who, seeing a vacant seat in a crowded train, only occupied by a dressing-bag, jumped in and was about to sit down. Whereupon the stout and pompous proprietor of the bag objected, saying the bag belonged to a friend whom he expected every moment. "No matter" said the Irrepressible One, taking in the situation at a glance, "I'll sit on the elbow!" And there he sat contentedly, laughing merrily and making remarks about everything. "Afraid your friend will miss the train!" "Your friend *does* cut it fine!" "We're just off!" he exclaimed to the Pompous Proprietor, who looked glum and vouchsafed no reply. Presently the train began to move and the Irrepressible seizing the bag and dropping it gently out of window on the platform, coolly occupied the vacant seat as the train steamed out of the station, calmly remarking, "We musn't let your friend miss his bag, though!" This is another case that would have presented countless legal difficulties. It would be well, seeing how frequently disputes are arising, for the railway companies to frame a by-law which clearly define the rights of passengers in these matters.

Some time ago the *World* had a paragraph revealing alarming particulars with regard to the way in which wedding presents—especially in the case of such portable property as plate and jewels—are realised, when they have done their duty in the newspapers in the list of numerous and costly gifts. The same journal has recently given instances in which pictures, with special inscriptions thereon to the bride, have found their way after a brief period to the fashionable sale room, which is but thinly disguised under the style of "Messrs. Crustie, Nansen and Copse." This may perhaps appear to the unsophisticated somewhat startling, but I have no doubt whatever of its truth, for instances of a similar description have come under my personal knowledge. Two things always strike me with regard to such matters. One is the want of proper

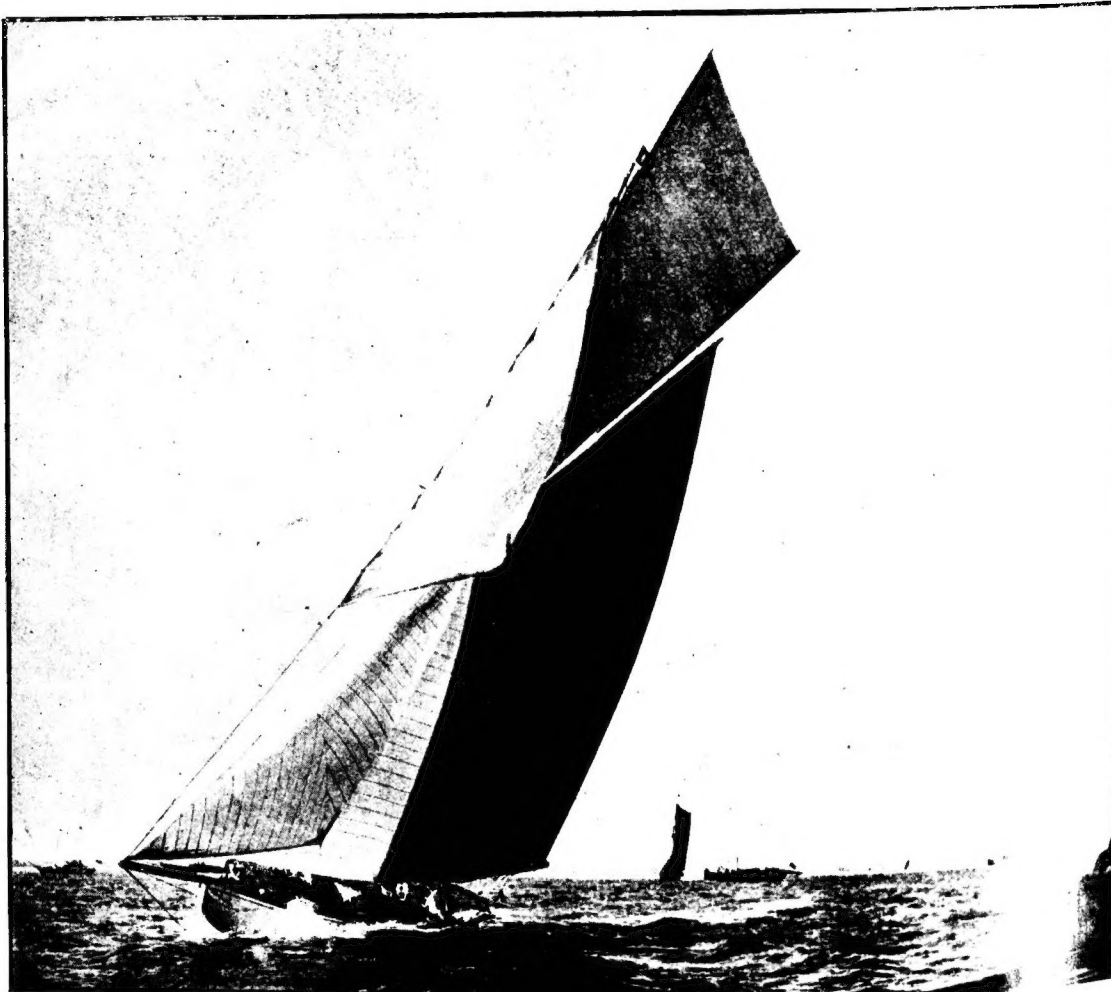
feeling displayed by the donee, the other the foolishness evinced in not removing the documentary evidence contained in the label pasted at the back of the frame. There is so little sentiment in the majority of wedding gifts nowadays, that probably the time is not far distant when the whole business will be represented by a subscription list to be advertised in the leading newspapers. Silver-smiths, dealers in works of art, and others, can tell you strange things concerning the way in which special gifts and testimonials are converted into cash on the shortest notice.

How much longer are we to endure the tyranny of the topper? It must be close upon a hundred years since this hideous monstrosity was first introduced, and well-nigh four generations have suffered from its inconvenience and disfiguration. Recently at Goodwood, significant hints in the highest quarters would point to

the likelihood that the reign of this unsightly head-covering is approaching its termination. It would be a delightful thing if we could celebrate the centenary of the stove-pipe by abolishing it altogether. Its influence has been gradually but surely waning for the last twenty years, and it is no longer the emblem of the best society that it was formerly. Just recently the tails, the straw, the bowler, and the Homburg have successfully weakened its supremacy, and if a few patriots would only lay up the extinction of tall hats and give them away in Whitechapel they would at once accomplish one of the most notable dress reforms of the past century.

Among the large number of my foreign letters I find one from an esteemed correspondent at Chicago, who is good enough to speak in enthusiastic terms of the Bystander. He has, however, noted a disposition to grumble at the weather and carp at the state of the atmosphere, which he deems somewhat unjustifiable. In the course of his interesting communication he says:—"Now, I have lived in this city you might complain. In the second week of January the mercury went down to 23 deg. below zero, and on the 1st day of April up to 86 deg. and 90 deg. above zero, or a range of 109 deg. in ten weeks. Besides we had only 14-100ths of an inch of rainfall, consequently no green grass. And, owing to the absence of snow in winter, many trees were killed by the frost, and for the same reason the frost remained in the ground till late in April." He furthermore says, "Don't complain of the London weather! You require to be twenty-four years in exile to appreciate the good things of this life with which you quarrel." I am inclined to think my correspondent is right. We are a rare set of complainers in London—I often think the Bystander might take a first-class prize in this direction—and we seldom thoroughly appreciate the good things of this life till we have lost them. The next time I feel inclined to growl at the London weather—and I dare say I may sufficiently forget myself to do so before long—I will endeavour to remember how very much worse off they are in Chicago.

MISS OCTAVIA HILL writes to us:—"I think many of you readers may be interested to know of an opportunity which is now open for securing in perpetuity for the use of the public one of the most beautiful hillsides in Kent, commanding a magnificent view over the Weald and of the Ashdown Forest range, with glimpses of the South Downs also in clear weather. The land, if secured, would be conveyed to the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty. The trust has for its council men and women nominated by the various artistic, literary, and scientific bodies, so that the natural features and rural character of the hillside would be preserved, and the land would be for ever available for the many landless English citizens who are now, as these lovely Kentish promontories are more and more enclosed for building, gradually being shut out from sight of the blue distance and access to wooded glade or open down. The sum of 7896 has been already promised in sums varying from 10s. to 2500; the remainder of the purchase money is rather more than 8000, so that about half is secured. Such an opportunity will not readily occur of contributing to confer a lasting blessing on thousands. It is impossible to believe that donors will not come forward to enable the trust to exercise the option of purchase of this fifteen acres of Ide Hill. Donations can be sent to the Trust, at 1, Great College Street, Westminster; or I will myself gladly receive and acknowledge them."



The first race for the Coupe de France was sailed at Ryde last Saturday. The course was from Ryde Pier to a mark outside the eastward, and back round the Nab Rock buoy to Ryde Pier, leaving the Warner Lightship on the port hand. The competitors were the *Anna*, belonging to Count Castellane. The *Anna* allowed the *Laurea* 46 secs. on tonnage allowance. The first race without claiming her time allowance. The second match was sailed on Monday and again the *Laurea* won, the *Anna* during the race. The cup has therefore been won by the *Laurea*. Our illustration is from a photograph by G. West and Son, South

THE CONTEST FOR THE COUPE DE FRANCE AT RYDE: THE "LAUREA" WINNING THE FIRST RACE

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

SIR HENRY IRVING, in his farewell speech on Saturday evening, did not much that was new to tell, for both the prospective arrangements at the LYCEUM and the schemes of the coming tours of the company at home and in the United States have long since been made public. His parting words, however, were marked by a self-confidence which was eminently acceptable to the assembled audience who had braved the heat of an exceptionally sultry July in order to be present at this always exhilarating ceremony. The LYCEUM will now remain closed until September 2, when it is proposed to re-open with Mr. Wilson Barrett and his company in a revival of *The Silver King*, to be followed soon afterwards by a new play of which Mr. Barrett and Mr. L. N. Parker are joint authors.

Mr. Martin Harvey's season at the PRINCE OF WALES's was brought to a close last week, with the announcement that *Don Juan*—the new play which is to succeed *The Only Way*—is at present to be put in rehearsal. To these instances of closing doors we have to add TERRY'S Theatre, where the representations of *The*

Leslie Carter as the heroine, and it is now announced that both the play and the actress will be seen at the GARRICK Theatre in London in April next. Mrs. Leslie Carter is already favourably known to us through her impersonation of the heroine of *The Heart of Maryland* at the ADELPHI Theatre in the spring of last year.

It may not be superfluous to note once more that the new play entitled *The Ghetto* in preparation at the COMEDY Theatre has nothing to do with Mr. Zangwill's popular novel or the drama which he has founded upon it, but is simply a version of a Dutch play by Mr. Herman Heyerman's which has enjoyed much success on the Dutch stage. Our dramatic adaptors are not wont to look for material in Holland, though we have one notable exception in *Anne Mie*, a romantic drama of modern life in the Netherlands, which was introduced to our notice by the Rotterdam company playing in London twenty years ago, and soon afterwards presented at the old PRINCE OF WALES's Theatre in the form of an English version. *The Ghetto* will be produced at the re-opening of the COMEDY Theatre on Thursday, September 7, with Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew in the cast.

The older suburban playhouses find it hard to compete with the magnificent new theatres which are springing up around them on all hands. Holloway has apparently now outgrown the Parkhurst Theatre which for some twenty years or more has enjoyed a fair

performed in London a few years ago. The version of Calderon's play, which the Society adopts, is that of the late Mr. Edward Fitzgerald. Admirers of Shelley have no need to be reminded of the spirited and beautiful translation by that poet of the most striking scenes in Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso*.

The gravestone of Grimaldi is still to be seen in the churchyard of St. James's, Pentonville, though this vacant space has now been added to our suburban pleasure grounds. According to a correspondent of a weekly paper, however, its inscription recording the famous clown's death in May, 1837, has suffered so much from time and the weather as to be almost illegible. The appeal for the small sum needed to put it in order is not likely to pass unnoticed. Grimaldi's final resting-place is only a few minutes' walk from SADLER'S WELLS, the scene of his chief triumphs, and Grimaldian associations still haunt the neighbourhood of Pentonville, where he lived so many years. It is interesting to know that the memorial stone of this celebrated wearer of motley is close to the grave of Charles Dibdin, the song writer, author and composer of that fine ballad, "Tom Bowling."

Reports from the country continue to speak very favourably of the performances of Miss Winifred Arthur-Jones and Miss Ethelwynne Arthur-Jones, the former as the wayward heroine, the latter as the pert, designing child Pamela, in their father's comedy



Undress On Sentry Duty
GUNNERS OF THE STATE ARTILLERY

Undress Field Service Parade
OFFICERS OF THE STATE ARTILLERY

Pretoria Cavalry Johannesburg Infantry Officer Pretoria Infantry
VOLUNTEERS

THE CRISIS IN THE TRANSVAAL: BOER MILITARY TYPES

SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY H. EGGERSDORFER.

of Ostend have come to a rather sudden termination—the real weather being the reason given. On the other hand, the management of the renovated and redecorated PRINCESS's are busily preparing to re-open this evening with a revival of *The Best*.

In spite of unofficial contradictions Mr. Tree's long announced revival of *King John* will be the next novelty at HER MAJESTY's. It is to be hoped that it will enjoy a success equal to that of *Julius Caesar* on the same stage—decidedly the most brilliant of Shakespearean revivals in recent times. For the benefit of readers who can find amusement in constructing conjectural casts we subjoin the names of actors and actresses who will take part in this performance. These are Mr. Tree, Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. W. Addison, Mr. Percival Stevens, Mr. Fisher White, Mr. F. Leary, Mr. Norman McKinnil, Mr. S. A. Cookson, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, Master Charles Sefton, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Miss Lettice Fairfax, and Miss Julia Neilson.

Great successes of the Parisian stage sometimes find their way to London by the rather roundabout way of New York and Boston. A case in point is MM. Berton and Simon's comedy drama in five acts, entitled *Zaza*, originally brought out at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre in Paris in May, 1898. An American version of *Zaza*, by Mr. Belasco, produced in New York last April, has enjoyed a great popularity, which is acknowledged to be due in great part to the acting of Mrs.

amount of local patronage. The house has just passed into new hands, but only with a view to its immediate demolition and the erection on its site of a magnificent new building from the designs of Mr. Frank Mitcham, which is to be known as "The Marlborough." This project involves the abandonment of the scheme for erecting a new theatre in the adjacent Seven Sisters Road.

Mr. Charles Morton, the well-known manager of the PALACE Theatre, is to have a birthday testimonial in celebration of the fact that on the 15th of the present month this pioneer in the field of what are known as variety entertainments will have attained his eightieth year. The increased respect in which amusements of this class are held in these days is undoubtedly due in great degree to the improved standard of taste introduced by this judicious and enterprising manager.

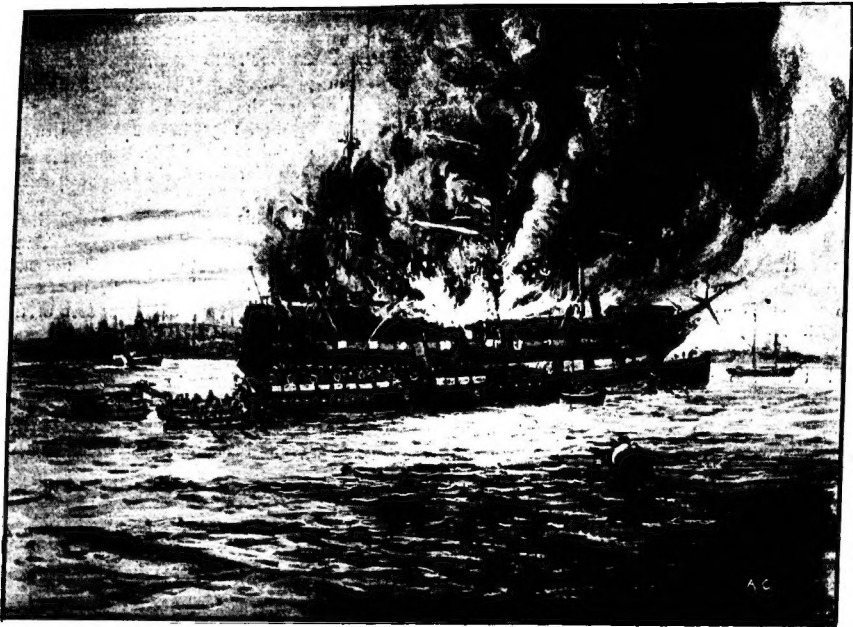
The manifesto of the Elizabethan Stage Society is not cheering from a financial point of view, Mr. Poel and his associates having to report an annual deficit of about 300l. Extravagance in scenic decoration has certainly not been their fault, though a tendency in this direction may be discernible in the matter of costumes. The Society, however, bates "no jot of heart or hope," but is looking forward to producing next season Fletcher's *Loyal Subject* and Calderon's *Wonder-Working Magician*, together with the first quarto of *Hamlet* (1603), and possibly a comedy of Molière. The rude, imperfect, old first quarto of *Hamlet* was, by the way,

The Manoeuvres of Jane. They have also appeared with success in the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*.

The Messrs. Broadhurst have evidently an unabated faith in the attractions of American comedies. When the STRAND Theatre re-opens under their management on Monday, September 4, a new piece of this class will take the place of *Why Smith Left Home*. Its title is *The Last Chapter*.

The Armed Forces of the Transvaal

THE Boers have no regular army, with the exception of a small force of artillery known as the State Artillery. This force, until after the Jameson raid, consisted of 32 officers, 79 non-commissioned officers, and 289 men, and a telegraph corps of one officer and fifteen men. On January 13, 1896, the Volksraad authorised the Government to increase the corps by enrolling another 400 men. In the event of war, however, all citizens capable of bearing arms, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, are liable to be called upon for military service, and so, too, are all the blacks living in the Transvaal. In the war against us in 1881 the Boers put some 6,000 men into the field, but this number does not, of course, represent the total available force at the disposal of the Transvaal Government. According to the census taken in 1894, some 22,300 men



THE "FIREFLY" BRINGING OFF THE BOYS



THE VESSEL FOUNDERING

The Roman Catholic Reformatory ship *Clarence*, which was stationed in the Mersey near New Ferry, was destroyed by fire last week. The vessel was an old three-decker, formerly known in the Navy as the *Royal William*. There were 250 lads and officers on board when the fire broke out in the early hours of the morning,

and no lives were lost, thanks to the excellent behaviour of all concerned, there being no panic. The ferryboat *Firefly* took the boys off the doomed ship, which at six in the morning broke her back and settled down into the water.

THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE REFORMATORY SHIP "CLARENCE" IN THE MERSEY

DRAWN BY A. COX

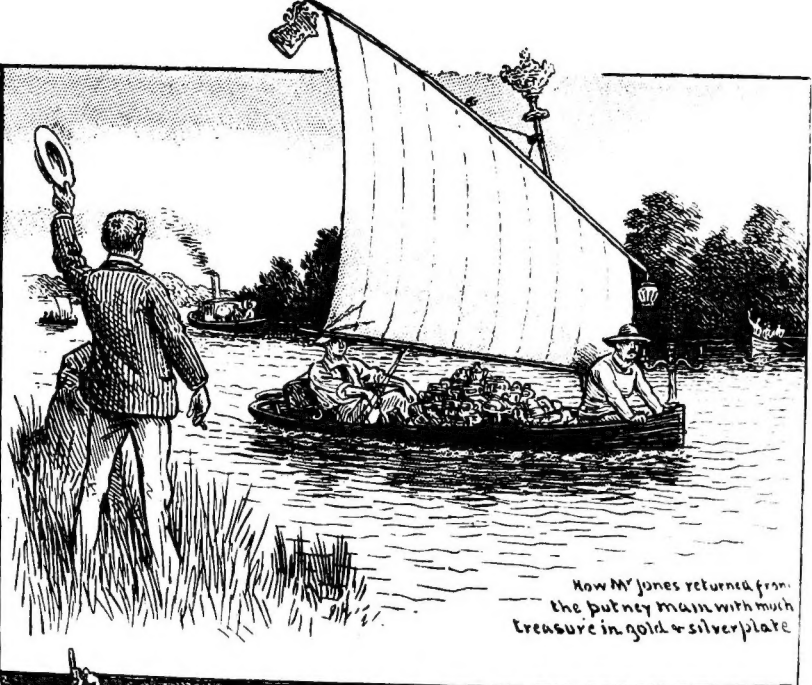
are liable for service in the time of war. And these might be joined by Boers from Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State. Every citizen liable for service must, when summoned to do so, present himself at the place to which he is ordered, with a horse, a rifle, and a hundred rounds of ammunition. The State Artillery was originally organised by an Austrian, and the caps of the regiment are to this day of the Austrian pattern. The officers are for the

most part members of the wealthy Transvaal families. The guns are drawn by mules, which are driven in the manner customary in South Africa—that is to say, two men sit on the limber box, one to drive and the other to use a long bamboo-handled whip. The gunners, it should be stated, are all mounted. Besides the State Artillery, which represents the regular army, there are three foot and six mounted Volunteer Corps in the Transvaal. These corps furnish

some 2,000 men, who are for the most part drawn from officials and people employed by the Government, and consist of men of various nationalities. The Pretoria Cavalry, which is the smartest of these corps, is composed entirely of officials and sons of well-to-do Boers. The Volunteer Corps are not intended to take the field against an European Power, but to garrison towns.



Mr Brown writes to say that this year the salmon are plentiful & large, but that the Thames seals are very troublesome



How Mr Jones returned from the Putney main with much treasure in gold & silver plate



Mr Robinson, of the electric launch 'Lyre', reports being attacked by one of the pirates that infest the upper reaches, fortunately, with the aid of Mr Robinson & a case of 300 Champagne they beat them off with considerable slaughter

"Apparently the River Thames is entering upon a second and quite romantic childhood. Smelts have been caught at Twickenham, a seal has been perceived at Putney, pirates (in the shape of boys in a hired boat) have actually endeavoured, within the last year or two, to waylay a Bank Holiday pleasure party, and

now we actually have to record a find of silver ingots which suggests a tale by Edgar Poe rather than the records of the Lambeth Coroner's Court."—*Daily Graphic*

STRANGE TALES OF THE SILVER THAMES IN THE HOLIDAY SEASON: WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



"It is I—Winefred. You have been betrayed."

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER XI.

A PROPOSAL

JANE MARLEY was at the kneading trough, with her sleeves tucked and her hands in the dough, when a shadow thrown upon her made her look up, and she saw Olver Dench at the window. He came to her through the window, came to the door, opened and entered without ceremony.

"How do you find yourself this morning, mistress?" asked the captain, seating himself.

Jane made a gesture indicative of impatience.

"The captain is out," she answered curtly.

"I have not come to see the captain."

"The house is not a show place like Colyton Castle."

"I have not come to see it."

"Then you have no business here."

"That is an uncivil address to an old friend."

"I do not recognise any friend."

This silenced him for a while.

He observed her, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows, her rounded arms, her handsome, if somewhat stern, face, the full sweep of the jaw, the copious dark hair with warm waves in it, the ripe complexion, and he thought what a good-looking woman she was.

She continued to knead the dough, in total disregard of his presence, and the sun entering through the latticed window played upon her arms, the dimpled, rosy elbows, her swelling bosom, over which the breast-piece of her white apron was pinned at the shoulders, and it flamed occasionally on her pouting lips.

Then, after a considerable pause, Olver Dench began once more.

"I have come here, Jane, not on the captain's affairs, but on yours."

"Mine, you will favour me not to trouble about."

"When I say yours, I really mean those of your child."

At once she was interested. He saw that. Her arm remained stationary for a moment, the hands plunged in the dough. Then she resumed work with increased energy. She tossed her head and said, "My child is under my care, and her affairs in no way demand your meddling."

"That is just as you will," said Dench with assumed indifference.

"But I would bid you bear in mind that you are at present under the roof of one of the most fanciful, humorous, and shortest tempered of men. He will welcome you to-day, and if you offend him turn you out of doors to-morrow. He is headstrong, and has brimstone in him, by George! and you have sparks enough in you to make a conflagration probable. Unless you knuckle under to him, he will thrust you and Winefred forth—and you will be once more as you have been—homeless. Did you ever hear tell of the visit made him one day by two gaugers who wanted to overhaul the place? He received them, seated on a keg, with a pistol in his hand. Masters, said he, this little cask is full of gunpowder, come near by another step and I will discharge my pistol into it—and we three will march together. They made for the door. That is your man; wilful, desperate, overbearing. If you cross his will in any particular he will send you to the rightabouts. That will not matter for such as you, but it will be bad for Winefred."

He perceived by her heightened colour, by her quickened breathing, that he had touched Jane where most sensitive.

"Do you know, mistress, why Captain Job has taken you both into his house?"

She made no other answer than a shrug of the shoulder.

"I will tell you: I will lift a corner of the crust and let you see what is the meat in the pie. Was not your father, Topsham Marley, associated with him in most of his ventures? What did he gain by that? Did he leave you comfortably off? I always heard tell that there was money to bury him, but nothing over. Your brother Philip, he was with him also. What profit came to him out of the partnership? When Philip thought that he was pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for Job—he getting the burns and none of the nuts—Philip and he came to words and they parted company, and Philip started on his own account. He was at once betrayed and shot. Take my word for it, certain big men with large dealings will not allow the little men to succeed. The iron pot breaks all the cloam pipkins that float on the same water."

"You do not dare to tell me that the captain caused my brother's death?"

"I do not say that I know he did. All I pretend to say is that I was not the only man who noticed the curious coincidence. No sooner did Philip start on his own bottom than he was put out of the running. It is a singular thing, if you are interested in such matters, to observe how the wholesale dealers go free, and how the little retailers get nabbed. What profit had Topsham, what had Philip out of their ventures? Did your brother leave anything? I reckon it was the same tale with Philip, the son, as with Topsham, the father—enough to bury him, and not a penny over. Now look at Job Rattenbury. He has bought and is fitting out a cutter for his son Jack, and is going to set him up as a gentleman. He does not spare money where Jack is concerned. Cash seems as plentiful with the captain as elderberries on the undercliff. He has made a fortune where others have failed. Some have sown, but all the harvest goes into his barns. If right were done all round, your father ought to have died a rich man, and your brother would have

been alive this day, and you and your child not be homeless and destitute."

"As to Philip," said Jane in a quivering voice, "it is well known he was killed in a scuffle with the preventive men."

"Yes. But how did they know when and where to drop upon him? And why, if they did come on him, did they shoot him instead of running him into prison?"

He was silent now for awhile, to allow what he had said to sink in and produce the desired effect. He watched the woman's face; the muscles were working, and her cheek gleamed. Her eyes he could not see.

After a long pause, he proceeded, "It is rough on us men that we should get, not kicks only, but leaden bullets put into us, and he all the ha'pence; but it is a crying iniquity that his son Jack should be brought up to be a gentleman and your Winefred should be left a beggar. Answer me this. Did not your father and brother endure the labours, the buffeting of wind and wave, the risk from the gaugers? What for? That Jack should have a spic and span painted cutter with gilt figure-head, and spout Latin grammar. He will rattle the guineas in his pocket, and when Winefred holds out her hand will cast a copper into the dirt and bid her bend and pick it up."

Jane's whole frame trembled.

"So it is—the widow and the orphan are robbed, we underlings must not complain that we are badly served. But it makes me mad to hear how he swells and brags over what he is going to make of his boy Jack. And there are you and your Winney have to curtsy and say, Thank you, sir, when he offers you a crust of bread and pulls a bit of his thatch over your heads of a November night. We should combine to get our rights; combine against wrong and robbery."

"How can we combine?"

"I will tell you. The captain is a rich man. I know it. He admits it. Whence came all his money. From the sweat and blood of men like your father, brother, and me. I also worked under him once, but I would not endure the injustice. Glad I was to get out of the concern and take a ferryboat, and thankful I am when I get a score of passengers to put across in the day. Look you, Jane, if that ferry were worked the way he does the other business, at the end of the day he would say to me, 'Here, Olver, is one ha'penny, but nineteen pence ha'penny goes into my pocket, and I'm going to lay it out in picture books for my Jack.'"

"How can we combine?" she asked again.

"I'll make you a proposal," said Olver, but he spoke hesitatingly, and seemed reluctant to deliver it till he had further worked on the mother's passions, and blinded her with anger and envy. "I say that what the captain has accumulated ought of rights to be divided into four equal parts. I allow that he has a claim to one-quarter, but I have to another, that I do assert; and then, if you had what properly belongs to you, the two remaining quarters should be yours, as the shares of your father, Topsham, and your brother Philip, who was not married, and so his share comes to you—for Winefred."

He paused, cleared his throat, and set a hand on each knee.

"Now, Jane, I bargain that you and I combine to secure our lawful property, of which we have been defrauded. Lord! what thieves go to prison and what rogues run free! It makes my bile run over to think that his nipper Jack should be toasting in the bar whilst we sit on the doorstep in the cold. We must put our heads together. There is naught done without combination."

"How—what is to be done?"

"That is just the secret. Can you guess why the captain houses you and the girl? It is because he knows that he has wronged the widow and the fatherless, and his conscience gives him a pinch now and again. He thinks to hush it by allowing you such scraps as he would cast to a dog, Towler, if he kept one—which he don't. Jane"—Olver spoke slowly, and with his eye fixed on her—"Jane, you are on the spot, and I look on it as the wonderful ways of Providence bringing you here. You keep your eye wakeful, and keep an eye in the back of your head also. You discover where he hides his piles of money. Hidden it is somewhere, sure as I sit here. Now, Jane, I want us not only to put our heads together but to join hands."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if you find that out for me, and help with the partition, I'll make you my wife, and then you and the kid will have a home of your own."

"Your wife!"

"Aye—I knew what you would say. But where *he's* gone is a long way off, round the other side of the world, and he has married a Spanish woman there, with sugar plantations and slaves, and they have a fine family. He'll never show his face in England. He daren't, I tell you. So we may as well—"

"You!"—the woman turned and faced him, in a flame of scorn.

Her eyes sparkled, she breathed passionately through her rigid nostrils, her bosom heaved. "You—you dare propose this to me?"

He stood up.

"Why not? I speak for your advantage."

"For my advantage—to be with you—head to head, hand to hand—with you!" he quivered with fury, her very hair bristled. "You! If I had you between tongs I would throw you into the ashpit. Leave this house."

Olver's face turned plum colour.

"Jane! Will you dare try it on without me?"

"Leave this house," she cried, pointing to the door with her hand covered with strings of dough.

"Jane," said he, "I have said and let you know more than I ought. But I warn you to beware lest you take a step in this matter independent of me. Take care how you hunt and beat the thickets without me. I am not a man to be trifled with. If I find that you are going behind my back I will tread you and your brat into the earth, as though you were snails."

CHAPTER XII.

BY NIGHT

ON her return to Rattenbury's cottage, Winefred was thrown into a dubious condition of mind. She had purposed to confide everything to her mother, to tell her about the present of the watch

and of what she had overheard. But on coming into her mother's presence she saw that the time was unpropitious.

She knew her mother so intimately that she was aware that the communication must be deferred. Mrs. Marley was one of those persons who, when possessed by an idea, and that one of an exciting nature, are incapable of attending to any other, or on whom the communication of another of agitating nature completely unhinges the reasoning faculties and produces an irrational explosion of feeling. Winefred saw at a glance that something must have occurred during her absence which had upset her mother.

She therefore merely inquired where Captain Rattenbury was, and was told curtly that he was out, a fact sufficiently obvious. Job had informed her mother that he would not be home till the morrow, but Jane Marley did not think to give this information to Winefred. Not knowing this the girl said no more, determined to caution the captain on his return.

She went into the back kitchen and to the larder cupboard and provided herself with food, her mother saying nothing nor noticing what she was about, nor did the ticking of her watch attract attention.

Thus the hours of the short November afternoon slipped away, and Mrs. Marley seated herself at the side of the fire knitting, with her gown turned up over her knees lest it should scorch and with her arms still bare glancing in the firelight. Winefred occupied a stool, and fell to studying her mother's countenance and listening for the footfall of the captain or his hand on the latch. She was in no little anxiety. The day was Thursday, and the attempt to disperse the goods to their several destinations would be made that night, and a few hours must determine the fate of the smugglers.

She saw that a storm was raging in the interior of her mother that troubled her wild soul and tossed her feverish blood. But Mrs. Marley was clearly indisposed to allow her daughter to know what had aroused it.

The expression of the woman's face was now angry, then hard and remorseless, flushes of passion swept across it, and then all colour deserted it. At moments her eyes were as though exploding into fireworks, and at the next were dull and lifeless.

Every word of Dench had been as fulminating powder in her soul. Till the interview with him she had entertained no suspicion against Rattenbury; she had recently regarded him with gratitude for having received her and Winefred into the cottage, and she was an impulsive woman, strong in her feelings, whether in liking or in hating. But now, all at once, his conduct appeared to her in a new light. He was no longer a benefactor, he was an oppressor, who had grievously wronged her father and procured the death of her brother, and was rendering to her a tardy and wholly inadequate compensation.

She did not stay to inquire whether the words of the ferryman were justified, whether the charges he made were founded in fact. It sufficed her to see that there was probability in the assertions, and womanlike she accepted them as unassailable. She had been robbed, her child robbed, and all for the sake of Jack Rattenbury, that he might be cockered up and transformed into a gentleman. A smouldering fire of rage against both father and son consumed her heart—a sense of injury ate into her soul and filled her with gall.

Suddenly she started, turned fiercely on Winefred and said, "Why do you stare at me? Go to bed; it is time. Disturb me no further."

She was a woman that would be obeyed, to be turned from her purpose by no reasoning, amenable to no persuasion. Of this Winefred was so well aware that she did not attempt opposition. She at once rose from her stool and noiselessly crept to the little room that had been arranged for her under the stair.

But, although, in obedience to her mother, Winefred went to bed, she could not sleep.

There could exist no doubt that the captain had been betrayed, and that, unless forewarned, his capture was inevitable. The coast-guard and the military would draw together along every road and lane and enclose them as in a battue. When he should come in there would still be time to warn him, unless he arrived very late. Where was he? Who could say? It was unlikely that he should have told her mother. He might have gone to Lyme to see after the carts, or to Beer to make the final arrangements for the transport of the casks from their hiding places to Heathfield.

She turned the problem over in her brain and sought a solution. Suppose that Rattenbury did not return that night, by what means was he to be communicated with, how was the danger that menaced to be averted?

He had saved her life, he had sheltered her, she was bound to do everything in her power to save him. Of that she had not the smallest doubt, and her resolution was formed to do her utmost, even in despite of her mother, should she offer opposition.

After an hour Jane Marley fastened the house door and retired to her room.

She would not have run the bolt had she anticipated that Rattenbury would return that night. Her action convinced Winefred that he had told her mother not to expect him back.

What could she do?

She listened to the ticking of the clock and awaited the striking of the hours. When ten o'clock sounded, then she was well aware that not another minute must be lost.

Noiselessly she crept out of bed and clothed herself; she hearkened whether her mother stirred, but heard no sound. On tiptoe, her shoes in her hand, she stole over the kitchen floor, and with caution and slowly drew the bolt.

The moment the door was open, a rush of cold air fanned the embers on the hearth into a glow; but she hastily passed outside, shut the door behind her and breathed freely. She was, at any rate, safe now from obstruction by her mother. Even if the latter had heard her, pursuit would be in vain; she could easily elude it among the thickets and in the dark.

She drew on her shoes. All within was still, she had not been overheard, her mother had not been roused.

Her heart beat furiously, and she was frightened at her undertaking. It was not that she was alarmed at being abroad and at night, but she was well aware of the magnitude of the issues dependent on her action.

If she failed—the goods would be confiscated, the band broken up, and the captain imprisoned for a lengthy period. At his age he might not live till his term expired.

The stars twinkled, a crescent moon shone, there was frost in the air.

Winefred had formed her plan, and she knew her way. She had to ascend from the undercliff to the down, and the chalky lay before her as though phosphorescent.

There would have been complete stillness but for the mutter and fret of the sea and the piping of the wind.

The smugglers would certainly have preferred less light and noise, a howling wind, a blinding fog, and a booming sea.

Above every sound Winefred could hear the throbbing of her heart.

She was now upon the down, where the turf was strewn with flints bleached by sun and rain. She crossed and descended into a deep lateral combe, through which a trickle ran into the river. Here were trees, but they were bare leaves. Beyond stood up the crest of Hawksdown with its works thrown up, none knew by whom, but haunted, in the opinion of the people, by a ghostly warrior with a fire-breathing dog. She was now among fields, and in a tangle of lanes, but she knew the direction, and although the ways twisted, she made as straight as possible for the crest of the opposite hill, and for awhile skirted a fir plantation that lay like an ink blot on her left. She was now wholly to escape the shadows of the pines, for she was forced to go by a gate, the hedge being too thick and thorny for her to scramble over it. In the gloom she became uneasy, alarmed, thinking that eyes were watching her, and that mysterious beings lurked among the branches, ready to leap upon her. To her excited imagination it was as though there came to her whisperings from among bushes. She walked faster, turning her head from side to side, sometimes looking over her shoulder.

At the beginning of the present century "free trade" was a reputation among the daring and adventuresome along the coast. Smuggling was a passion, like poaching. Those who were engaged in it rarely abandoned it. It was gambling for enormous stakes, the profits were great, but, on the other hand, so were the risks. Now and then a cargo was run and sold, and the profits measured out in pint mugs, on another occasion an entire cargo was confiscated. Not only was freedom jeopardised, but life as well. Neither "free trader" nor coastguard was nice in the matter of shedding blood.

Smuggling methods were infinitely varied. The game was a test of wits as well as of pluck, and in that lay much of its charm. The spice of danger attending it attracted the young men instead of deterring them from it.

In order to obtain information relative to the trade, so as to be able to "nab" those who prosecuted it, the Government had paid spies in the English and the foreign ports. It sought to undermine the integrity of those combined together in the trade, and to encourage treachery. So well aware of this were smugglers that no mercy was shown to the man who was detected in clandestine communication with the preventive service men. He was sometimes dashed over the cliffs, sometimes taken out in a boat and literally beaten to death with a marline-spike before his body was committed to the waves.

There was something to be urged in extenuation of English smuggling. Customs duties were first imposed in England for the purpose of protecting the coasts against pirates who made descents on unprotected villages and kidnapped men and children to sell them as slaves in Africa, or who waylaid merchant vessels, plundered and then scuttled them.

But when all such danger had ceased, and the pirates had been swept from the seas, the duties were not only continued to be levied but were made more onerous.

It was felt that there had been a violation of compact on the side of the Crown, and bold spirits entertained no conscientious scruples in setting at naught the law of contraband. The officers of the Crown instead of pursuing, capturing and hanging Algerian pirates, proceeded to seize and consign to prison native seamen.

It was in this light that the matter was viewed by the watermen around the coast; nor was this confined to them, the opinion was shared by magistrates, country gentry and parsons. Three classes of men were engaged in the business. First came the "freighter"—the man who entered on it as a commercial speculation. He engaged a vessel, purchased the cargo, and made the requisite arrangements for the landing. Then came the "runner," who conveyed the goods on shore from the vessels; and lastly the "carriers," who carried the kegs on their backs slung across their shoulders.

Captain Job Rattenbury had at one time been a "runner," he was now a "freighter," and to be that a man must be a capitalist.

Winefred had reached the Roman road, the Fosse way that led from one end of England to the other, and, by the light of the stars being chalk-paved, it gleamed like a belt of silver.

But on it was observable something creeping like a slug in uncertain light.

The girl watched it as it approached.

That which she saw was a train of tub-carriers. With audacity and with a prospect of success due to this very audacity, the train was advancing along the high road, contrary to the wonted way of the free traders, but in reliance on the guard of the coast watchmen the shore, and the lanes leading from it.

There were over a score of men in the line, and all had blacked their faces. They were moving a large amount of run goods to the hiding holes of Beer, for dispersion among the taverns and gentlemen's houses that were expecting consignments.

Winefred watched the black mass worm itself along uphill, held back at first in the darkness of the hedge. It was her part to start forward to arrest Captain Job as soon as he came abreast of her. Several men went by. Two—four—eight, it was not possible for her in the feeble light to distinguish one from another, all faces of all were black.

"Who goes? Halt!"

Instantly the advancing line stopped, and one stepped forward strode towards Winefred, who had moved and attracted attention, and said, "Who is there?"

"Captain Rattenbury! Oh, Captain—where is he?"

"Who asks?"

"It is I—Winefred. You have been betrayed."

(To be continued)



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. WHITING

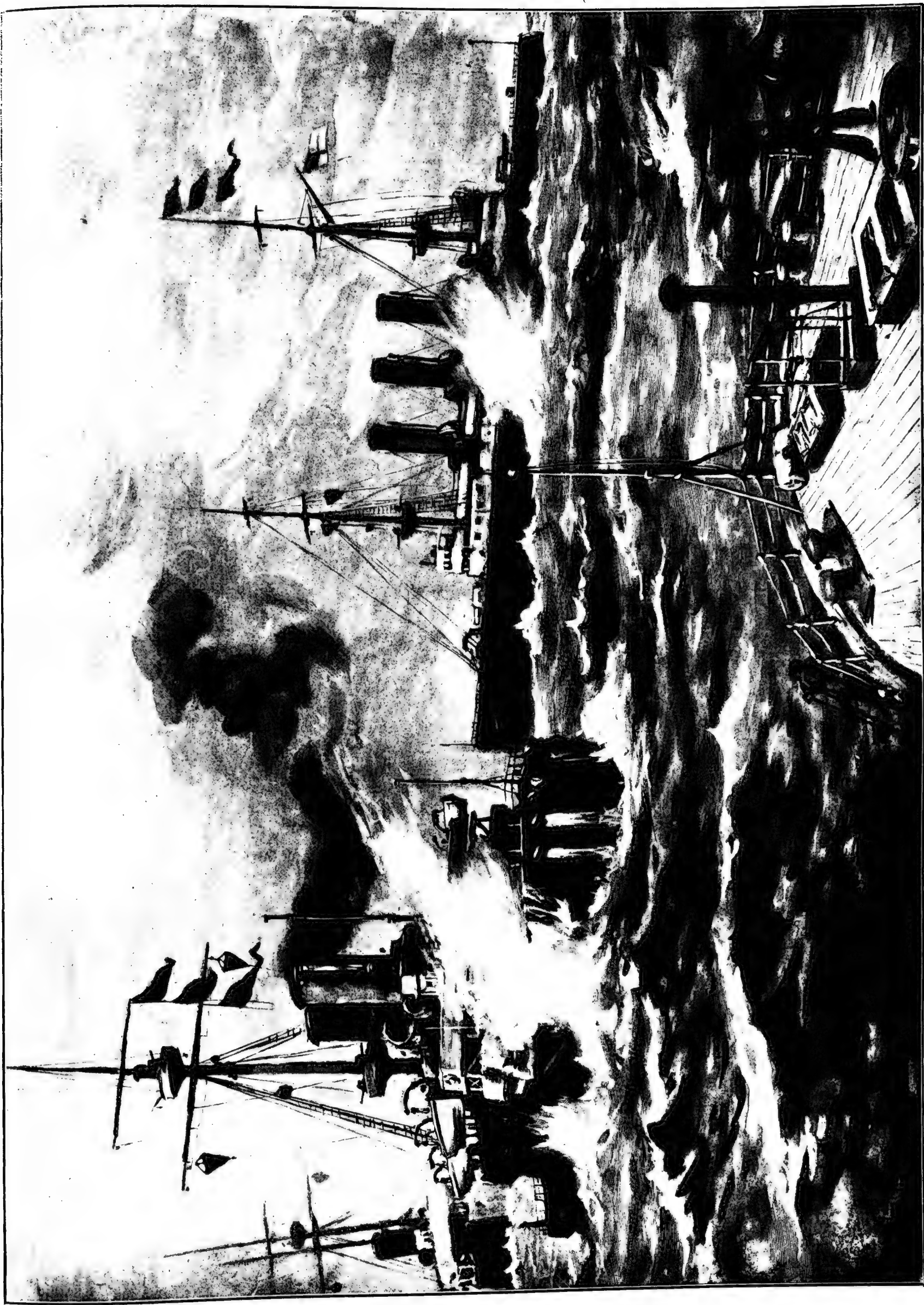
The Brigade Division training began this week at the artillery camp of exercise at West Down. Our illustration shows a battery of Royal Artillery going down a steep hill just before entering the camp
THE ARMY MANŒUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A STIFF JOB FOR THE GUNNERS

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



BY PERMISSION OF MR. T. J. BARRATT

"THE FAIR WIDOW"
FROM THE PAINTING BY S. J. ROCHARD



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: H.M.S. "BENBOW" IN A HEAVY SEA
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

It is generally admitted throughout the House of Commons that Mr. Arthur Balfour has greatly distinguished himself this Session. It is only a year or two ago that a well-known Conservative Peer described Mr. Balfour as being essentially an "amateur statesman," and this sneering phrase ran round the West End clubs and was accepted as final. Mr. Balfour in those days neither took himself nor his duties very seriously, but he has made splendid amends now for the past. His management of the House this Session has been beyond reproach, and he has secured the respect and affection of almost every member.

On all sides the same tale is told, to wit, that Mr. Arthur Balfour may always be depended upon to represent the best impulses of the House. He neither loses his head nor his temper, but, with admirable dignity, good taste, and in a good-humoured manner meets the attacks and the arguments of his opponents. Mr. Balfour is unquestionably at the moment the most popular member, and there are those who go so far as to declare that he is the most successful leader there has been for many a year.

The opinion prevails amongst those who have the best means of forming a correct forecast as regards such matters, that this is the last Session in which Lord Salisbury will act in the dual capacity of Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs, though there are those who believe that he will not drop one of these offices until after the next General Election. Should Lord Salisbury resign the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, it is to be presumed that Mr. Arthur Balfour will be his successor.

Several Stuart "relics" and objects which have a sentimental interest to them, have been sold by auction this season, but most of them fetched ridiculously small prices. The Lord Fife of the time paid a thousand guineas to Madame Vestris, the celebrated dancer, to be permitted to have a plaster cast taken of her leg. After his death this cast was sold for half a crown. Many similar cases could be mentioned, for sentimental value is an especially variable quantity.

Many of those who are either visiting or about to visit obscure districts in Great Britain hope to be able to pick up old furniture, old china, old prints, or scarce books. They should be warned that astute dealers are aware that they entertain this hope, and frequently deposit such articles in farmhouses and cottages. The farmers and cottagers receive a percentage on the purchase money and are instructed not to accept less than a certain sum, but to ask considerably more than this. Many an amateur has been caught in this manner, and it is time that the public should be warned.

The dealers in Cornwall complain that they now find it very difficult to buy, for visitors to this county have given such high prices to the cottagers for "grandfather's clocks," "settles," "dressers," and other articles of the kind that the latter refuse to sell to the trade. There are several villages on the southern coast of Cornwall which were formerly inhabited entirely by smugglers and pirates, and, no doubt, in some of them there are still valuable objects to be found, but their present owners are sure to know approximately the value of these. The by-paths of Great Britain are no longer the happy hunting grounds for the lovers of old curiosities that they were.

It is understood that Mr. Walter Long is about to issue a code of regulations concerning the importation of dogs into England from Ireland as stringent as the one which deals with the importation of dogs from the Continent. If it is necessary for the safety of the public to do this little can be said against it, but it is unfortunate. Vigorous efforts are being made this year to induce the English and Scotch holiday public to visit Ireland, and such regulations are certain to decide many to change their plans. It is reported that a question will be asked in the House with regard to the proposed regulations, and it is hoped that, at least, Mr. Walter Long will postpone issuing them until after the holiday season. Of course, if there is any real danger to be apprehended Mr. Long will not be in a position to accede to this, however much he might wish to do so.

The Cowes week is naturally a very enjoyable one to those who either have yachts themselves or are acquainted with others who have yachts off that town. Otherwise the week is a deadly lively one for visitors, for the gaieties at Cowes are almost entirely confined to the few. The committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron permits friends of the members to use the garden, but to do that is not a very exhilarating form of amusement. The dances and other entertainments given at Cowes during the week are not by any means as plentiful as they were even ten years ago, and, indeed, it is difficult to account for the run which is now made on the town at

this period. No doubt it is the *Esprit Moutanier* which leads many to follow the few, even though the former can only obtain amusement by watching the latter amusing themselves.

Our Portraits

THE QUEEN has conferred a peerage upon Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Ambassador to the United States. Sir Julian Pauncefote has just concluded his labours as chief representative of Great Britain at the Peace Conference at The Hague. Sir Julian Pauncefote, who is the son of Mr. Robert Pauncefote, of Preston Court, Gloucestershire, was born in 1828. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1852, and joined the Oxford Circuit. In 1865 he was appointed Attorney-General of Hong Kong—a post he held for four years. He was *ex-officio* member of the executive and legislative councils, and Acting Chief Justice of the Supreme Court from 1869 to 1872. He prepared "The Hong Kong Code of Civil Procedure" and other important ordinances now in force in the colony relating to law reform and the constitution of the courts, and to emigration, extradition, and other subjects. He was knighted in 1874 for his services to the Colony. He was made Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands in 1873, Assistant Under Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1874, Assistant Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1876, and Permanent Under Secretary in 1882. In 1889 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the United States, and since 1893 has been Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. He was made C.B. and K.C.M.G. in 1880, G.C.M.G. in 1885, K.C.B. in

de la Basse Lorraine, by the Emperor Henry V., then Duke of Brabant, and his natural son, John de Brabant, conferred the Senorie of Ailsa. Ambrosio Brandt, eldest son of John, settled in Brazil.

Colonel Robert Warne Routledge, who died at Hampton Wick, in his sixty-second year, was chairman of the publishing firm of George Routledge and Sons (Limited). Routledge will probably be best remembered as one of the most popular and enthusiastic volunteers of his time. He was the son of Mr. George Routledge, who came to London in 1836 and founded the publishing firm in 1836. He went into business at an early age, and soon developed remarkable energy for his work. He witnessed the gradual growth of the firm, until in 1889, shortly after the death of his father, concern was converted into a limited company. Colonel Routledge became managing director and chairman of the company, but a year or two ago he retired from the former position to devote his business as a literary agent. When a lad Colonel Routledge joined the Victoria Rifles, and became a corporal. Then he served for thirty-three years, during sixteen of which he was in the battalion. He retired about a year ago, on full pay. Colonel Routledge was selected as one of the officers to serve on the committee of the first Military Museum. At one time or another all his six sons have held commissions in the battalion which he commanded. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Regent Street.

Deep gloom has been cast on the Kashmir State by the death from heart failure of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Ram Singh, K.C.B., Chief of the Jammu and Kashmir Army. Sir Ram Singh was the second son of the Maharaja Sir Ranbir Singh, of Jammu and Kashmir, G.C.S.I., and younger brother of the Maharaja Sir Pratap Singh, G.C.S.I., who it will be remembered was one of the conspicuous visitors to India during the Diamond Jubilee celebrations. Sir Ram Singh was born on May 31, 1846. In his early youth he showed remarkable soldierly qualities which did not escape the notice of his father, who conferred upon him his highest commission in the State Army as Commander-in-Chief in 1875 when Sir Ram Singh was only in his fifteenth year. He proved worthy of the distinction, was an excellent commander, and was much respected by all ranks. He received the C.B. for his services in the Hunza-Nagar Campaign, and the K.C.B. for the Chitral Campaign, in which he served with credit. The late Sir Ram Singh was a keen sportsman and was universally popular. He was also a good Sanskrit scholar and a generous patron of learning and the fine arts. Our portrait is by Bourne and Shepherd, India.

Herr Nicholas August Bach, who died at Olten, Switzerland, last week, was an engineer of European reputation, and will be best remembered as the inventor of the first system of mountain railways by which steep gradients can be scaled. He was born on May 21, 1817, and was thrown upon his own resources when quite a boy. He earned his own living by working at his trade all day, and devoted his evenings to study, and it was not long before his industry and energy were rewarded. At the age of twenty-seven he was head engineer of extensive works at Carlsruhe, and at thirty-six became constructor of locomotives, rolling stock, and bridges of the Railway of Switzerland, at Olten. He helped to construct a locomotive in Germany, and drove the first railway train in Switzerland, and has since built hundreds of locomotives in his own country. He invented his system of mountain railways at Olten, and thirty-nine of these railways in different parts of the world. Herr Riggensbach was a great traveller, and had not only been to Europe, but had visited North America, Costa Rica, Algiers, where he surveyed the railway to the Nilgherries after his sixty-third year. Our portrait is by Gysi and Co.

The brilliant services rendered by Colonel C. S. B. Parsons on the Abyssinian frontier of the Soudan, at the time when the attack upon the Mahdi's power was being made, have been rewarded by the Queen conferring upon him the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Colonel Parsons joined the Royal Artillery in 1874, and served in the War of 1879, and in the Boer War of 1880, in which he was severely wounded. In the following year he was in the Egyptian Campaign. In 1895 he was in the Egyptian Artillery in the Dongola Expedition. In 1896 he was made Governor of the Red Sea Littoral, and was sent to Suakin. He took over the forts at Kassala, and the Italians in 1897, and assisted to settle the western Abyssinian frontier. When the advance of the Omdurman Colonel Parsons attacked the Derghat, a strong stronghold, Gadaref, was captured by his troops. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



SENOR BARBACENA
The Oldest Living Diplomat



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE
New Peer



THE LATE HERR RIGGENBACH
Inventor of Mountain Railways



THE LATE SIR RAM SINGH, K.C.B.
of Jammu and Kashmir



COLONEL C. S. B. PARSONS
New K.C.M.G.



THE LATE COLONEL ROBERT ROUTLEDGE
Chairman of Routledge and Sons, Limited

1883, and G.C.B. in 1892. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Felisberto Brandt, Visconde de Barbacena, was born at Bahia, Brazil, on July 3, 1802, and, after a life of continuous work, has reached the age of ninety-seven, not only in possession of all his faculties, but physically more active than an average man thirty years his junior. When captain in the Brazilian Engineers, he joined his father, then Brazilian Financial Agent, in London, and acted as interpreter between him and Nathaniel Rothschild during the negotiations for the first Brazilian loan of 3,000,000. Fond of chemistry, he was a favourite pupil of Faraday, and, on his nomination, joined the Royal Institution of Great Britain, of which he is the oldest living member. He was present at the Coronation of George IV. and a guest at the great banquet following it. In 1825 he was appointed Secretary of Legation in London and in 1840 Chargé d'Affaires in Holland. In 1848 he was appointed President of the Province of Rio de Janeiro, and in that capacity was the first authority in Brazil forcibly to stop traffic in slaves, having seized a cargo of them while being landed in the Bay of Rio; they were then allowed to shift for themselves—a noble action which was bitterly resented by the merchant, landed proprietors, and others interested as slave-owners or slave-hirers. He was personally engaged in the organisation of some of the earlier Brazilian railways, and he still devotes himself with all the zeal and activity of a young man to the various enterprises in which he is interested. He was the first man vaccinated in Brazil, his father, Felisberto Brandt, having introduced vaccination to that country from Lisbon by means of negroes successively vaccinated on the voyage! His father also introduced steam navigation into Brazil. The Visconde is twenty-third in direct male descent from Godfroi (le Barbu), born 1126, and created Duc

THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—VII.

THE GROWTH OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

By SIR CHARLES DILKE

THE beginning of the century is not a marking date in the growth of the British Empire. Before the Great War we had established our commencements of our Empire in India, and had settled down in North America to the loss of the United States and the gain of Canada. The Great War led to the Colonial dominions of Holland, Spain and France passing to some extent within our rule, although in South America we suffered grave defeat at the hands of Spaniards and Indians led by Frenchmen. At the close of the Great War, however, the theory that we had been fighting for the restoration of legitimate kings, which had been maintained by Pitt and the Tories against Fox and a section of the Whigs, prevailed, and we restored France, and in a measure to the other Powers, the territories which we had taken from them. For example, one of the most fertile and easily governed of all tropical islands, was restored after a period of exceptional prosperity and had enjoyed under Sir Stamford Raffles, whose portrait figures at Batavia in the great series of the Dutch "Governors-General of India."

While, however, this was, as a general principle, the case, our South African dominions date from the Great War, and it was the Great War which enabled us to subjugate ourselves there, politically speaking, for the Dutch, although we have not yet succeeded—probably by our own fault—in making the Cape Dutch as thoroughly contented citizens of the Empire as are the Canadian French.

Our expansion in India has been steady. The great growth of our dominion in the present century has occurred through our conquests of Scinde and of the Punjab, but it has been continuous, and the peaceful absorption of the whole of Baluchistan (which even now is not yet coloured red upon our maps) has been the latest successful example of advance. Australia was dotted with a few convict settlements early in the century, but our practical annexation of the whole of Australia, and the covering of that great continent by our self-governing Colonies, has been mainly the business of the Queen's reign. In Canada we have during the century stretched forward with actual power, as against a mere disputed paper control, to the Pacific coast, and the completion of the railroad from sea to sea is fusing the country together under the auspices of the successful Federal Government of the Dominion. The federal process is being repeated in the creation of the Australian Commonwealth, and Fiji, with some of the other Pacific nations occupied at later periods of the Queen's reign, will probably be coming within the orbit of Australia or of New Zealand. In South Africa great annexation of territory took place about the time of the Bechuanaland expedition, despatched by Mr. Gladstone's Second Administration to keep the Boers within the limits of the Transvaal or South African Republic, and a district to which peculiar boundaries have been assigned by the singular arrangements of Lord Salisbury, but which stretches in the centre of the Continent far towards the north, is being gradually brought under direct British authority.

The largest recent territorial annexation, accompanied by considerable increase of population of the Empire, which has occurred, is on the West Coast of Africa, where, after allowing our old Crown Colonies to be surrounded by French dominions, we have, under the auspices of a chartered company, now bought out by the Crown, brought, in the Niger districts, a vast Mahomedan population more or less effectively under our control.

One of the most interesting expansions of the Empire in the Queen's reign is one which is geographically about the slightest,

namely, the occupation of the rocky island of Hong Kong, which received afterwards a small development, by a private lease, ultimately turned into an annexation, of a little strip on the opposite mainland, which has now recently been enlarged. The trade of Hong Kong, like that of Singapore, cannot be measured by the size or even by the population or wealth of the territory at the spot.

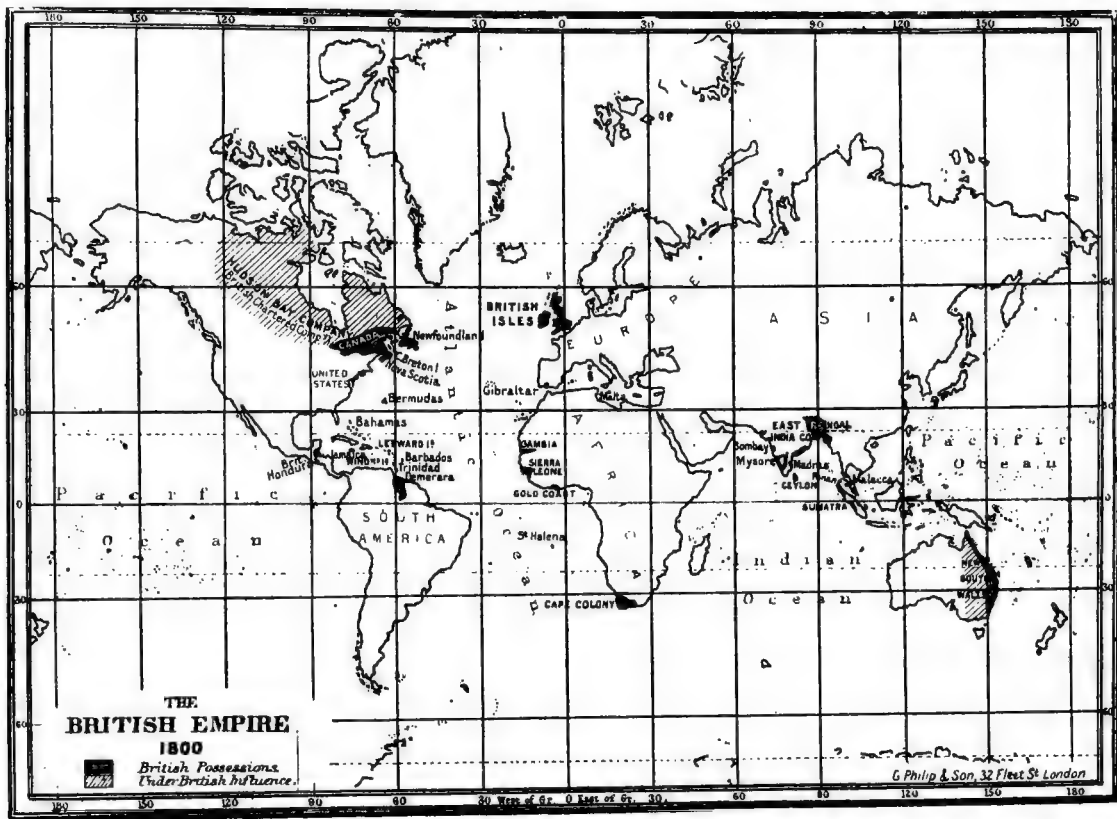
conditions, no annexation would be needed; and our gigantic trade in South America is a proof that no hoisting of the flag is necessary to secure the predominance of British trade where circumstances are not artificially adverse. Here, however, comes in the difficulty, that these hostile conditions are created for us by the interference of other Powers, and that in many cases those who had resisted annexation in the past have been brought naturally to think it necessary.

The process, then, which has occurred with regard to the British Empire in the present century is one rather of the expansion of existing settlements than of the foundation of wholly new ones. Canada has grown in the century from a British patch upon the north-eastern side of America into a Dominion which reaches across the continent to the Pacific. India has grown from three small Presidencies into the whole peninsula, with extensions beyond the peninsula on the east and to the north-west. Australia has grown from a convict settlement into an entire British continent, with the separate great colony of New Zealand in its neighbourhood. British South Africa has spread from a tiny Dutch colony, itself finally acquired only within the century, into another vast possession. The one great new field has been the Lower Niger; for British East Africa is rather the expansion of a virtual Protectorate, already long existing through our influence in Zanzibar, which itself was the growth of a pre-existing influence in Muscat, than an entirely new creation. In the Niger district and in British East Africa, as in North Borneo and in the Zambesi region, chartered companies have paved the way for the Crown, but the connection between these companies and the Crown was close from the beginning, and in India through the whole century, up to the legislation of 1858, the Crown stood in fact in a position of control towards the East India Company.

My exact subject, the Growth of the British Empire, does not include what is more important than the territorial growth of the Empire itself, namely, the growth in the century of our carrying power and of our merchant shipping fleet. We may say roughly that we are the masters of something like a quarter of the globe, but that as regards shipping we are in possession of almost everything which exists.

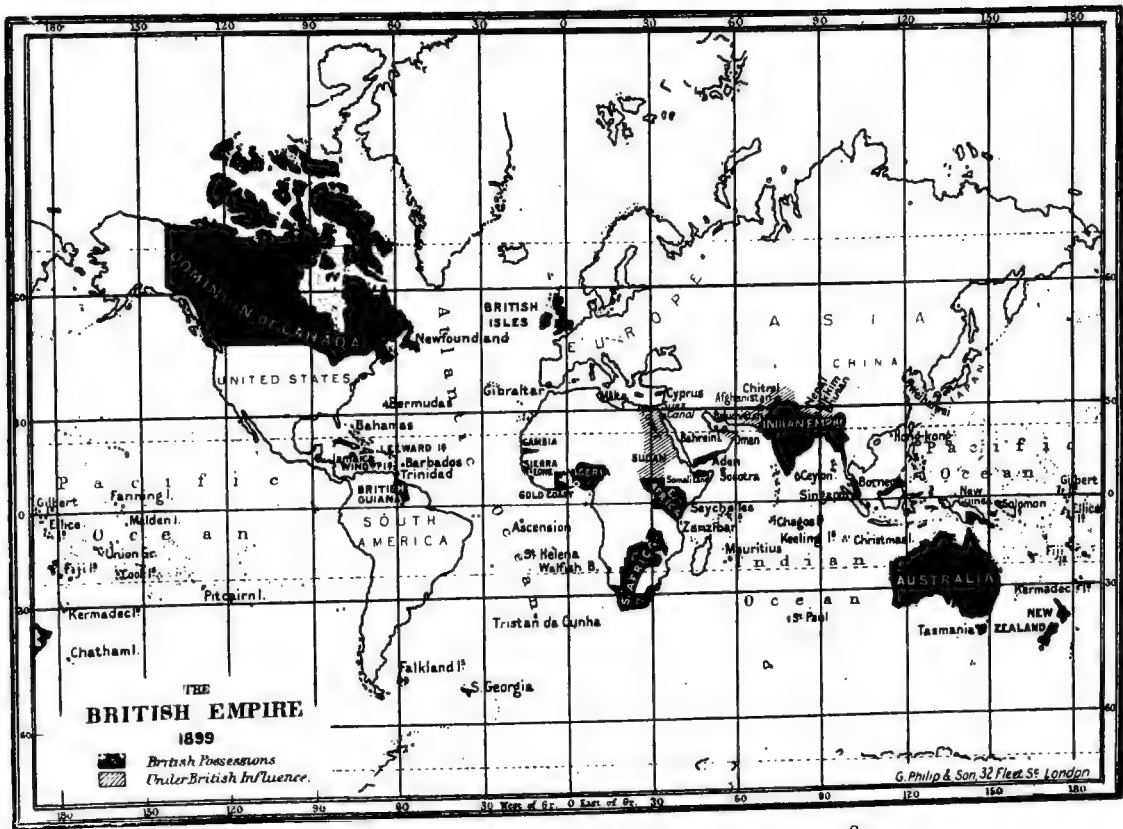
One of the best measures of the growth of the British Empire is afforded by considering the position in the Empire of the West Indies. Those Colonies at the beginning of the century were among the most important of our possessions in the world. They have not receded, although it is sometimes thought they have. On the whole, they have stood still. But their relative position now is one which is microscopic as compared with our general situation in the world. The weak point, as was shown in his admirable paper, read at a meeting of the Colonial Institute on Valentine's Day, even by so pacific an authority as Sir R. Giffen, is that the means of the defence of the Empire have not relatively prospered at so rapid a pace as has the Empire itself. Our fleet is at the moment relatively stronger than it has been at some previous periods of our history, but it will not in the next few years possess the superiority of strength against a possible combination of Powers which seems necessary in the case of an Empire possessing so many jealous rivals,

and so dependent for its communications and for the safety of its capital upon the Empire of the sea. Our military forces, which would be required for the purpose of bringing to a close even a successful war, are absolutely little stronger than they were a quarter of a century ago, and relatively to the forces of other Powers and to the calls upon our own, may be considered to have decreased.



APPROXIMATE AREA AND POPULATION OF BRITISH EMPIRE IN 1800

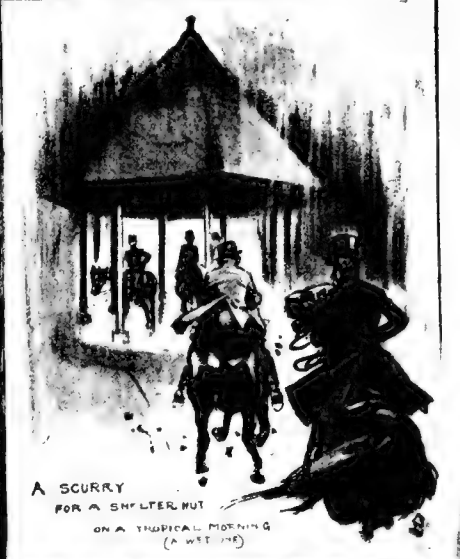
	Area in sq. m.	Population.		Area in sq. m.	Population.
United Kingdom (including Isle of Man and Channel Islands)	121,360	14,991,000	Canada and Newfoundland	515,950	400,000
In the Mediterranean	119	100,000	In Central and South America (including West Indies)	128,622	520,000
India	200,000	14,000,000			
Other possessions in Asia	26,131	1,250,000	Total	2,012,182	31,417,000
In Africa	20,000	150,000			
New South Wales	1,000,000	6,000			



APPROXIMATE AREA AND POPULATION OF BRITISH EMPIRE IN 1899.

	Area in sq. m.	Population.		Area in sq. m.	Population.
United Kingdom (including Isle of Man and Channel Islands)	121,360	40,200,000	Australasia	3,175,320	4,950,000
In the Mediterranean	3,702	420,000	British North America	3,618,650	5,400,000
In the Indian	1,668,960	313,500,000	In Central and South America (including West Indies)	135,140	1,860,000
India (including Native States) and Baluchistan	125,256	5,640,000			
Other possessions in Asia	3,748,220	42,440,000	Total	12,596,608	474,410,000
In Africa (including Sudan)					

Hong Kong, even more than Singapore, has become a vast distributing centre for our China trade, and has shown how completely British interests are suited by good means of distribution, unaccompanied by large territorial concessions, but accompanied by the open door or equal opportunity for trade in countries under a foreign flag. If our trade in China could be secured for ever under existing



THE WORLD OF FASHION IN PARIS: A MORNING IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVE

The Court

COWES week has brought together the annual Royal gathering in the Isle of Wight. This is one of the pleasantest family meetings of the year, as the whole Royal party take the keenest interest in the yachting festivities, and go about in the most informal manner. The Queen frequently watches the races from the terrace at Osborne, while the younger Princes and Princesses take trips on the Solent in launches, or make a longer cruise in the *Alberta*. This year Her Majesty has with her at Osborne the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their family, Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Beatrice and her children, and the Duke and Duchess of York with their trio of little ones. On board the *Osborne* are the Prince and Princess of Wales with their daughters, visits being constantly exchanged between Osborne House and the Royal yacht. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York came to see the Queen directly they arrived from Goodwood, and lunched with Her Majesty on Sunday, the Princess of Wales also coming over on the following day. Her Majesty often drives through Cowes to see the visitors, and was there on Monday.

Apart from the holiday aspect of the Osborne gathering, the Queen continues to take her part in the more practical life of the Island. Her visit to Ryde to open the new children's wing of the Royal Isle of Wight Infirmary roused great enthusiasm in the town, the Royal route being tastefully decorated with rose festoons and lines of gay bunting. These new buildings are a memorial of the "Longest Reign," and were to have been opened by the Queen some months ago, but the death of the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg postponed the ceremony. The day being very hot the opening took place late in the afternoon, and a platform was erected in the shady grounds of the hospital for the chief actors in the ceremony. Princess Beatrice arrived first in order to unveil a bust of the Queen placed in the wall of the new building, and the Princess then took up her position as President of the Hospital to receive Her Majesty. Bells rang merrily as the Queen drove up, escorted by the Hauts Carabineers, and accompanied by Princesses Christian and Victoria. The customary bouquet and address were presented, prayers said by the Bishop of Winchester, the Hospital hymn was sung, and then Princess Beatrice handed Her Majesty an electric case, of which the Queen pressed the button, completing the current and causing the door of the new wing to open. Her Majesty said a few words, which were almost drowned by the applause of the crowd, and then raising her voice announced that she declared the Ward open, and named it the Victoria Ward. Further presentations of those connected with the work followed, and the Royal party drove off amidst cheers. This Victoria Ward is essentially connected with Royalty, for Princess Beatrice laid the foundation-stone in the Jubilee year, and is President of the Hospital by reason of her Governorship of the Isle of Wight. The Queen has visited the Hospital once before—in 1892.

Though the Prince and Princess of Wales's stay at Cowes will be shorter than usual this season, they will have seen the most important of the yachting fixtures. The *Osborne* lies in the middle of the yachting fleet, with the *Britannia* close by, and the *Victoria* and *Albert* a little distance away. Both the Prince and Princess spend much of their time ashore at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, where the Prince presided at the annual meeting on Monday, the Princess being very fond of sitting in their grounds. Whenever the *Britannia* races the Prince is sure to be on board, while he also takes out parties of friends for short cruises in the yacht. The *Britannia* competed for the Queen's Cup on Tuesday, but was beaten by a minute and a half by the German Emperor's *Meteor*. Cowes has rarely been so full as this year, both afloat and ashore, while the splendid weather has added to the success of the races. The regattas and the fireworks provide plenty of enjoyment for the general public, besides the serious interest of the races for experts, and at night the scene is most picturesque with the lights of the various vessels. All the Royal yachts illuminate brilliantly on regatta nights, much to the entertainment of the Royal children, who thoroughly enter into the fun of the regattas. Dress at Cowes is especially smart this week, for, owing to the extreme heat, muslins and thin materials are far more in favour than the orthodox yachting garb. The Princesses, however, always dress very plainly at Cowes, and the Princess of Wales and her daughters being in deep mourning, their costumes are even simpler than usual.

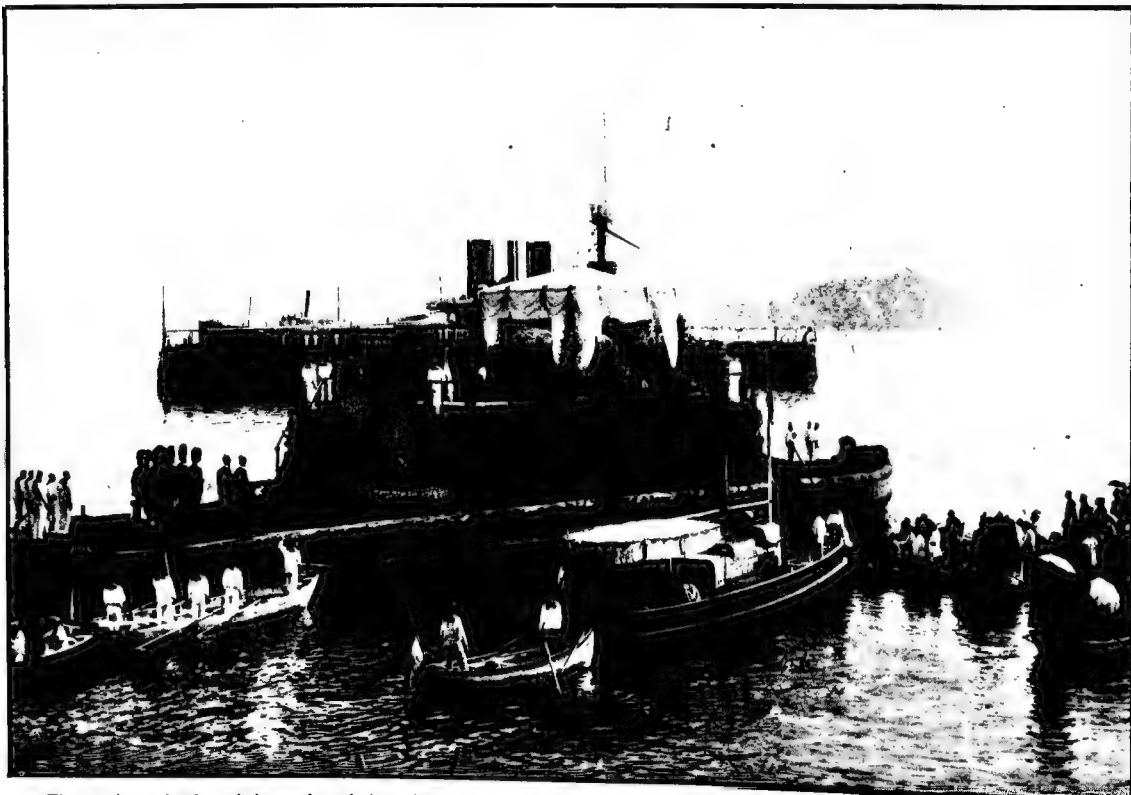


THE R.Y. "OSBORNE" IN THE ROADS WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON BOARD
THE YACHTING SEASON AT COWES

The cup presented by Her Majesty was competed for at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes, and was won by the German Emperor's *Meteor*. It takes the form of an ewer and dish in the style of Charles I. The ewer is decorated with strapornaments on the body and the handle is a demi-figure. The dish which matches it



The R.Y.S. Regatta Cup



The remains of the Tsarevitch were brought by train to Batoum, where they were placed on a catafalque on a large barge and taken to the ironclad *Georgi Pobedonosetz*, where the Dowager Empress received them, Her Majesty having gone from St. Petersburg to Batoum with the Grand Duke for other ships of the Black Sea Squadron. At Novorossisk the body was transported to a special funeral train, in which it was conveyed through Moscow to St. Petersburg, where the funeral took place.

THE LATE TSAREVITCH: THE CATAFALQUE BEING TOWED TO THE "GEORGI POBEDONOSSETZ" AT BATOUM

bears an inscription. The trophy was manufactured by Messrs. R. and S. Garrard, Haymarket.

This month the young Duke of Albany exchanged the freedom of a British schoolboy for the responsibilities of heirship to a German Duchy. He has bidden good-bye to his life at Eton, but, before leaving his native for his adopted country, the Duke has been confirmed in the Church of England, which he has been brought up. His confirmation was fixed for yesterday (Friday) in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the ceremony being kept quite private. The Bishop of Winchester, so great a favourite of the Royal Family, would officiate.

After their long journey of nearly 2,000 miles from the Caucasus, the remains of the Tsarevitch are now rest among his ancestors in the grim fair of St. Peter and St. Paul at St. Petersburg. The Dowager Empress and some of the family accompanied the body at Batoum on board a Russian ironclad, and the Tsar joined the funeral procession near Moscow. Wherever the funeral halted on the journey through Russia religious services were held, bells tolled, &c., and in places the route was lined with Cossacks. The Tsarevitch having been head of the Cossack forces. On arriving at St. Petersburg, a grand procession was formed, the young Prince's remains being borne on a gilded car in the centre. The car was surrounded by the clergy chanting as they went and by pages bearing lighted torches, the Tsar and the Grand Dukes walking behind as mourners and the Dowager Empress and her daughters following in a carriage. The remains lay in State in the Cathedral for a day, and the final funeral rites were then celebrated with all the pomp of the Greek Church before the Imperial family and several representatives of foreign Courts, including the late Prince's nephew, Prince Waldemar of Denmark. At the close of the service the coffin was lowered into the family vault by a detachment of Palace Grenadiers, the batteries of the fortress firing a farewell salute.

The Count of Turin, King Humbert's nephew, has so often been in England that many will regret to hear of his serious illness. He has been attacked by fever whilst travelling in Egypt.

Hampton Court Palace

"QUEEN ANNE'S DRAWING-ROOM" at Hampton Court Palace has just been opened to the public after the rearrangement of the Hampton Court pictures, rendered necessary by the removal of certain pictures to Kensington Palace. One important change has been made besides mere rearrangements, which has brought to light certain decorative paintings which had not been seen for a century and a half. It was a matter of common knowledge that the Neapolitan painter, Antonio Verrio, had done much work for Queen Anne, but Mr. Ernest Law, some eight years ago, discovered a rare tract which mentioned that Verrio had decorated the walls of the Queen's Drawing-Room at Hampton. The walls were subsequently covered with canvas by Queen Caroline, and have now been laid bare for the first time since, and are found to be uninjured.

The pictures are three in number. Facing the windows Queen Anne is seated on her throne dispensing justice; on her right Hercules is crushing two monsters, perhaps Vice and Crime; behind her female figures representing the four quarters of the globe, in the attitude and attire of familiar convention, are kneeling and offering sacrifice. On the north wall the Queen's Consort, Prince George of Denmark, is standing in full armor under a canopy, which sometimes emerges from the sea; at his feet nymphs are sporting in the water, and the British Fleet fills the offing. This is faced by another marine picture; a very small Cupid seated in a shell is being drawn by sea-horses, nymphs, dolphins, &c., while behind him a mighty array of vessels, such as would at any time make a fine show at Spithead, are gathered together.

At the Quarterly General Meeting of the Committee of the Central London Throat and Eye Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, held on Tuesday, it was announced that during the previous three months 2,246 new patients had been admitted, the total number of admissions being 13,156. At no previous period in the history of the hospital had so many sufferers been relieved. A large number of the patients were sent to the Hospital by medical practitioners not only in London and the suburbs, but from all parts of the country, and 20 per cent. were so recommended during the past quarter.

THE GRAPHIC

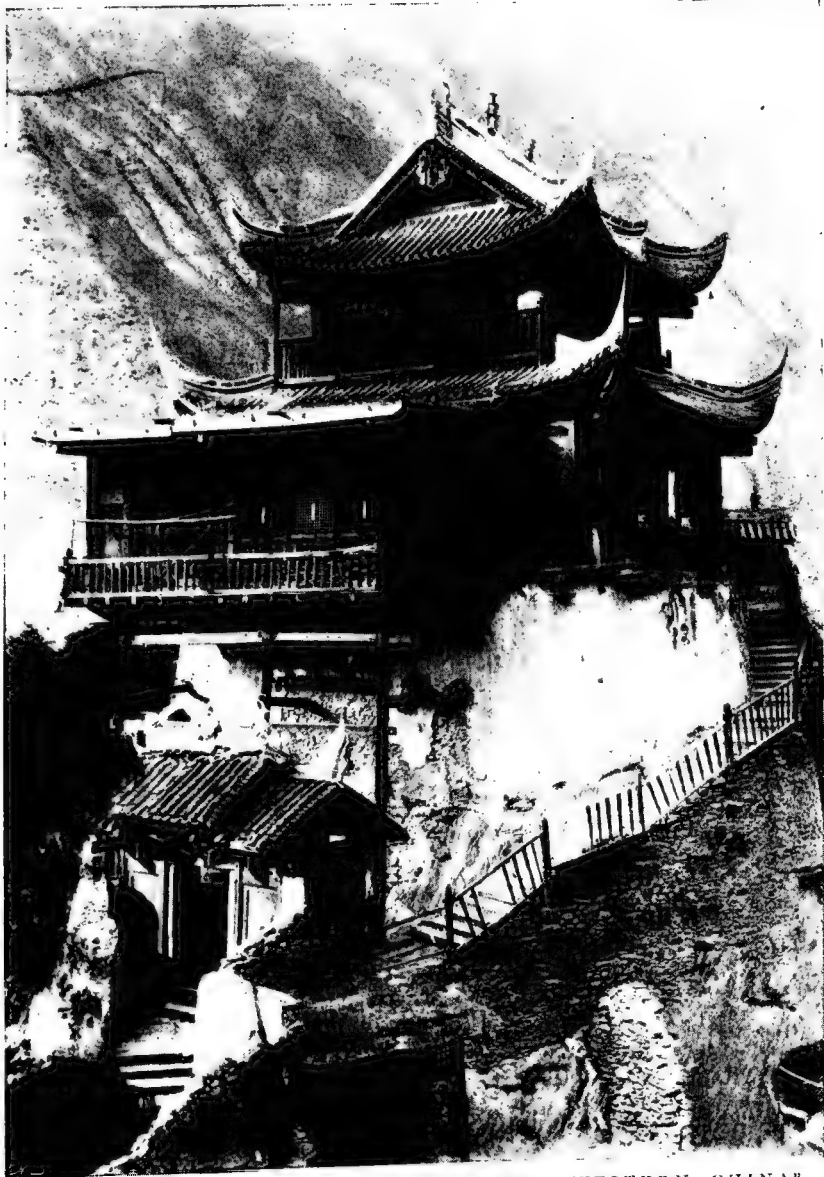
Amateur Photographic Competition



FIRST PRIZE (£20)

"WORN OUT"

WILLIAM McLEAN, 20, Ponsonby Avenue, Belfast



"BUDDHIST ROCK TEMPLE, LIFANTING, WESTERN CHINA"

MRS. BISHOP, F.R.S.G.S., 20, Earl's Terrace, Kensington, W.

Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"YAH, YAH, YAH!"

U. C. WANNER, 855, Marshall Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"RADWELL HOUSE, RIVER IVEL"
WALTER G. BATCHELOR, Radwell House, near Baldock, Herts.
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



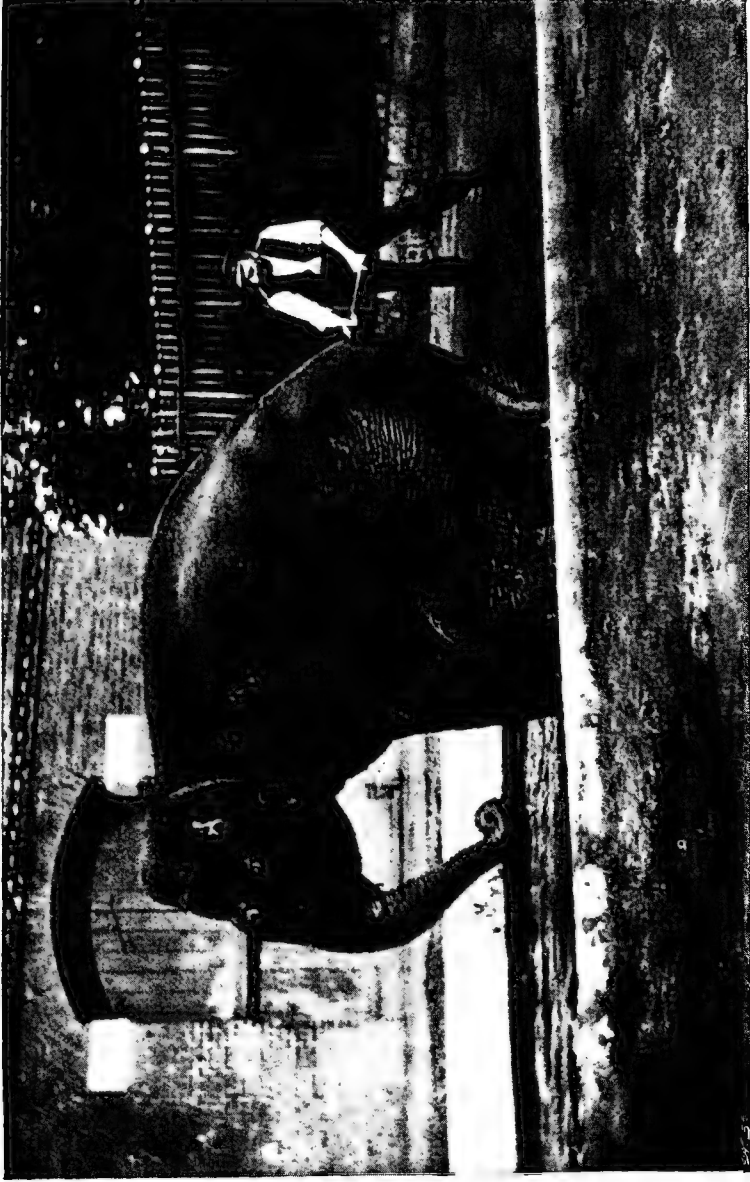
CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM IN ONE OF THE PALACES OF THIS TOWN
CONTE LANZA-MAZZARINO, Palermo
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"DOROTHY"
HELENA PADGETT, "The Mount," Winchelsea, near Rye, Sussex
Prize of the value of £3 3s.



"On the Wild Cornish Shore,"
Where the big breakers roar"
ALEXANDER OLD, Padstow
Prize of the value of £3 3s.



"AN ELEPHANT'S BATH"
J. S. BOND, 28, Swanage Road, Wandsworth, S.W.
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"WAITING"
MISS MARY CROSSLEY, Maltby, Rotherham
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



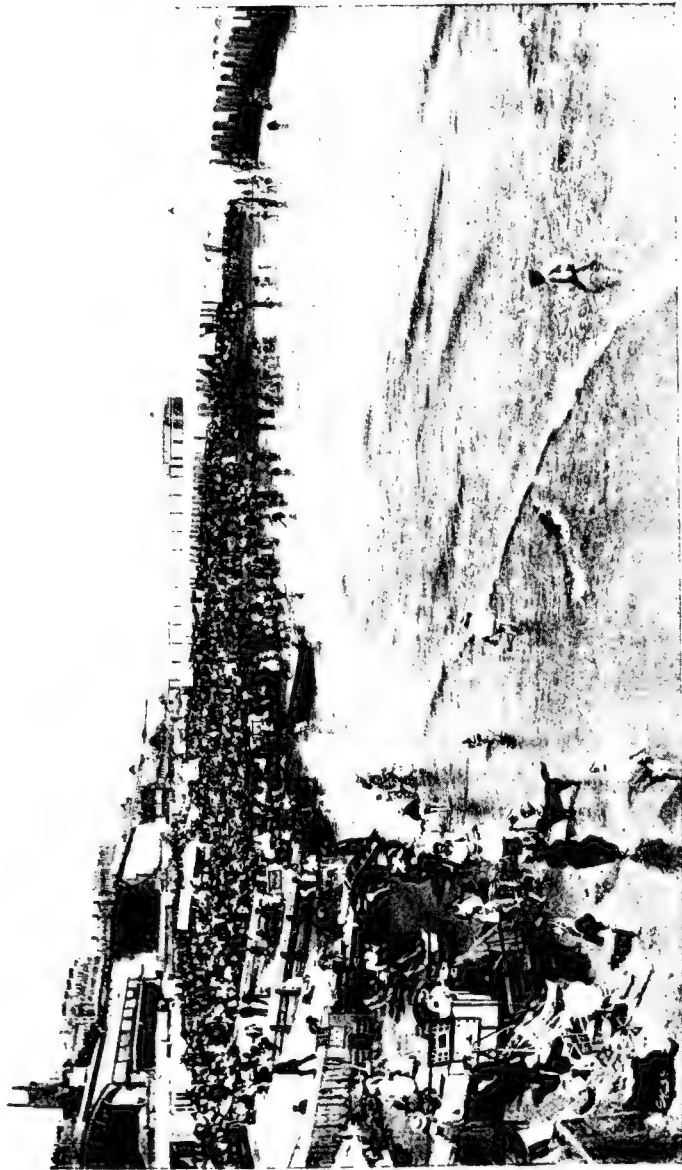
"BROTHERS OF THE ROAD"
W. H. BUCKLAND, Lee Flat Station, Outram, Otago, New Zealand



THE RIVER VRBAS, BELOW THE FALLS OF PLIVA, BOSNIA
JOHN BISHOP, Dacre, Penrith
Prize of the value of £1 is.



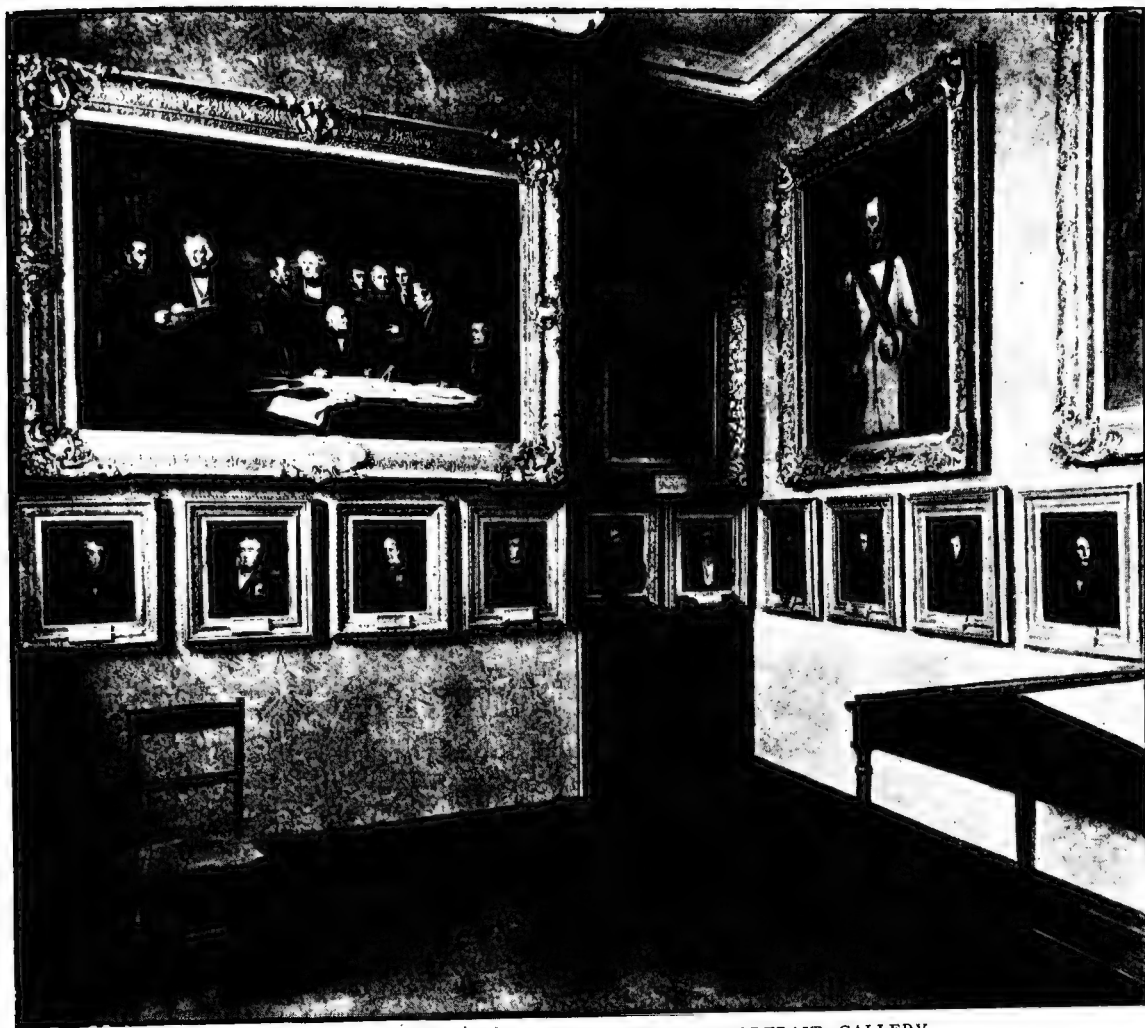
"INSEPARABLES"
HENRY STEVENS, Aldershot



"THE SANDS, RAMSGATE"
FREDERICK W. EAST, Bleak House, Whyteleafe, Surrey



"OFF TO MARKET"
MISS ALICE D. S. A. Biddle Street, Watlington, Edge. Gloucestershire
Prize of the value of £4 3 2s.



THE NEW ARCTIC ROOM IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

As the constitution of the Executive Fine Art Committee for the Paris Exhibition has been made the subject of criticism in Scotland, it may be as well to explain that the absence of any Scottish representative on the Committee is merely temporary and accidental. Sir George Reid, the President of the Royal Scottish Academy, was originally appointed to a seat, and it was only when he found that his continued presence was necessary in Edinburgh, that he resigned. Thereupon some of his fellow-countrymen came to the conclusion that Glasgow and Edinburgh were to go unrepresented. It is understood that his place is to be taken by some nominee well known for his ability and, doubtless, for his prudent championship of Scottish art.

Mr. Walter Crane's suggestion that travelling art exhibitions should replace the exhibitions promoted in our principal cities—in much the same way, I presume, as dramatic touring companies have ousted the stock companies of earlier date—is one that deserves to be well considered. It cannot be said that the notion is altogether a novel one, for we have seen an Australian touring exhibition, which succeeded in leaving a considerable number of pictures at the Antipodes before returning to England. Moreover, we have the three excellent water-colour collections regularly moving about the country—one of the bright features of the Circulation Department of South Kensington. But the idea of a sort of artistic Barnum's, calling at every town, only villages, presumably, excepted, and bringing a show, guaranteed to improve the taste and delight the eye, to the very doors of the well-to-do and the better-to-buy all over the country, seems to promise great things. There is a great Dark Continent in England entirely unexplored by the picture-cannasser; who can tell what fortunes are still in store for the picture-caravan? All the same, the suggestion comes somewhat as a shock.

As a violent attack is at present being made on the Royal Academy for alleged misapplication of the funds of the Chantrey Bequest, which the members are alleged to be spending on each other's works at inflated prices, instead of treating them as an alleged national trust for the sole purposes of an alleged national collection—the pictures to be acquired at certain alleged market prices: it is useful to state that all these allegations are in contradiction to the actual facts. Chantrey's primary object was to help artists working in England; he left this money to the Academy to be administered at its sole discretion and according to its unquestioned notions of expediency; and he particularly directed that the prices paid must be "liberal"—italicising the word in his will. In these circumstances, the demand for an "inquiry" is singularly futile and unjust; more especially as the Academy, accused apparently of spending all the money on themselves, have expended nearly as much on Outsiders' works. The exact figures up to the end of last year are these: On twenty-four Academicians' works, 29,250*l.*; on sixty-four Outsiders' works, 26,803*l.*

The Students' Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum (as South Kensington must henceforth be called) is very encouraging in the matter of designs, although in certain classes the examiners report a relative falling off. But the chief fault—a recognition which will soon, it is to be hoped, lead to its removal—consists in the fact that while the students are taught to design for the various industries, they do not learn the industries for which they are designing. Being ignorant, therefore, of the exact needs, technical, mechanical, and commercial, of the trades, and only conversant in a rule-of-thumb sort of way with the general requirements of those trades, it is inevitable that the students and those whom, as art-masters, they in their turn are destined to teach, are not fully equipped for becoming practical designers for the large factories which would pay them so well. The drawback, therefore, may work its own remedy in time, and we shall have art-technical classes at South Kensington which will enable us to hold our own with Germany and other countries which are now, on the practical side, showing the way. Every year this moral becomes more and more evident.

Monsieur Benjamin-Constant, who will return to London in

October next to complete his unfinished portrait of the Princess of Wales, has left for Paris, after coming to a conclusion which will be of interest to Englishmen. It is this: that Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone, presented by Sir David Tennant to the National Gallery, is, without exception, the finest portrait painted in all Europe during the century now coming to a close. It is careful in workmanship, yet sufficiently spontaneous in feeling; it is dignified without being heavy; it gives character without a touch of caricature: it is skilful without being betrayed into dexterity; it is alive without "dancing at you." All these qualities it has, says M. Benjamin-Constant, in a superlative degree; and in the aggregate of its merits it surpasses every other modern portrait he ever saw. To him its greatest virtue is that it contains no "juggling with the brush;" that we have here a "mind painted by a mind." This praise, the outcome of a well-weighed and mature judgment, will strike the reader as the more generous and valuable, as it is the tribute and the homage of a distinguished French painter to the most distinguished painter of England.

In Arctic Room

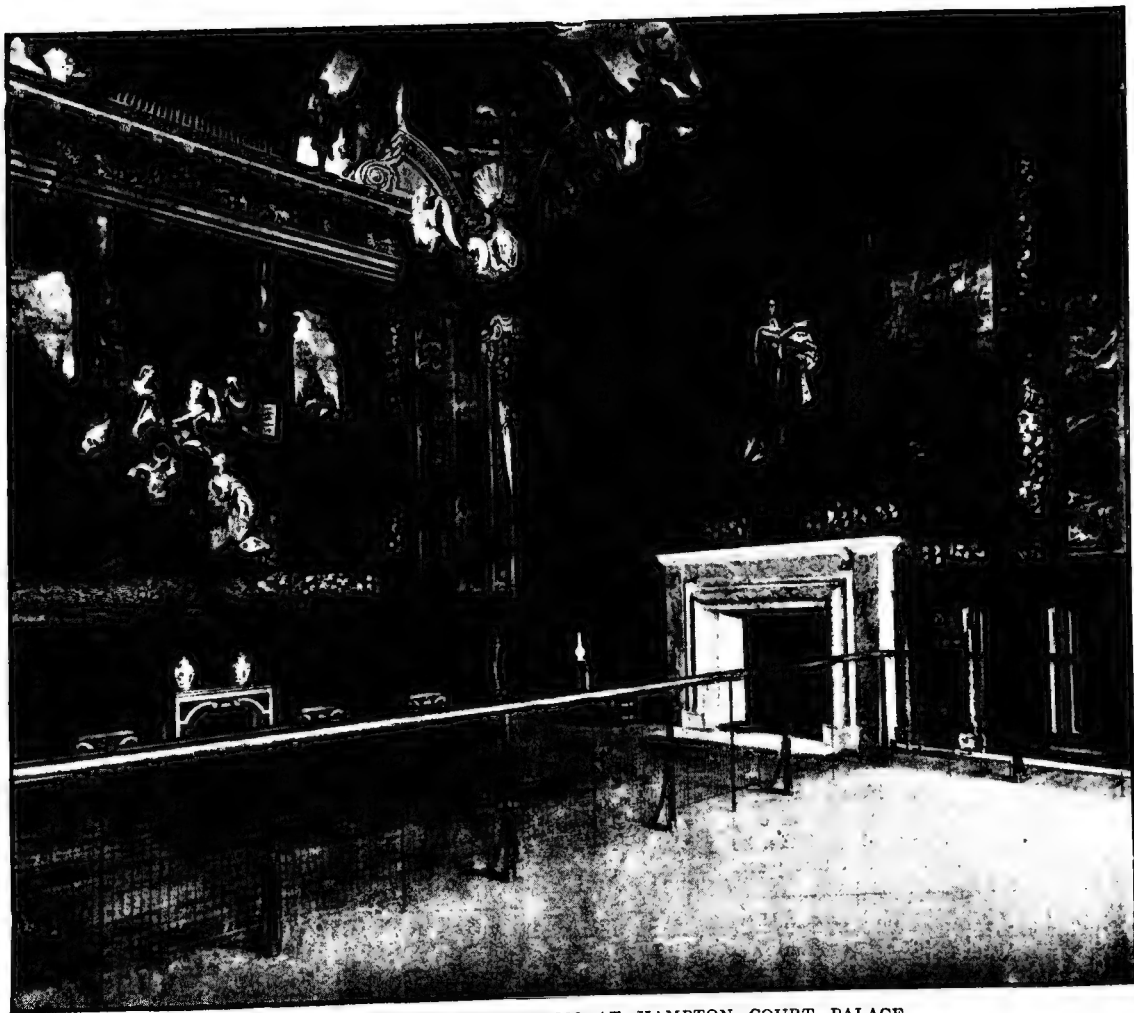
THE National Portrait Gallery have lately opened a new room containing upwards of forty portraits of the most eminent of our Arctic officers and explorers. Lady Franklin originally bequeathed twenty, and Colonel John Barron, F.R.S., an enthusiast in everything Arctic, has lately left his collection to the nation, thus perpetuating the lineaments of the distinguished sailors who, with unflinching and indomitable pluck, have won fame in their great discoveries in the Arctic regions, and in searching for Sir John Franklin.

Among the most striking are the separate life-sized portraits of Sir Robert McClure, Captain Penny, Sir F. Leopold McClintock, and Sir George S. Nares. Habited in their picturesque Arctic dresses, they are most striking and effective.

The largest picture is the historical work "The Arctic Council." It represents the meeting held at the Admiralty, Whitehall, for the purpose of discussing the best plan of search for Sir John Franklin, at the time when the whole of the civilised world were anxiously looking for tidings of the lost navigator and his gallant companions in H.M.S. *Erebus* and *Terror*. The portraits in this picture are Sir George Back, R.N., Sir William Edward Parry, R.N., Captain Bird, R.N., Sir James Clark Ross, R.N., Sir Francis Beaufort, R.N., Hydrographer of the Admiralty, John Barron, F.R.S., Sir Edward Sabine, R.A., P.R.S., Captain W. A. Baillie Hamilton, R.N., Sir John Richardson, R.N., and Captain Frederick W. Beechey, R.N.; and on the walls of the room are hanging portraits of Sir John Franklin, R.N., Captain James Fitzjames, R.N., and Sir John Barron, Bart.

Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert were greatly interested with this picture, and it was by their command shown them at Buckingham Palace in 1851. The smaller portraits are Sir Erasmus Ommanney, R.N., Sir Edward Belcher, R.N., Sir Henry Kellett, R.N., Sir R. Collinson, R.N., Sir Horatio T. Austin, R.N., Sir Edward Inglefield, R.N., Captain Moore, R.N., Dr. Roe, Dr. Robert McCormick, R.N., Lieutenant Bellot of the French Navy, and Lieutenant Stewart.

With the exception of Sir John Franklin's portrait, by T. Phillips, R.A., all these portraits were painted by Stephen Pearce, and exhibited by him at the Royal Academy Exhibitions between 1849 and 1885—thirty-six successive years—when they were greatly admired as excellent portraits, and also for their many great artistic qualities. The Arctic Council and many of the portraits have been engraved on steel and published by Messrs. Graves and Co., of Pall Mall, London.



QUEEN ANNE'S DRAWING-ROOM AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

"Under the African Sun"

Of late we have been so deluged with books of travel written by people who have only paid a flying visit to the country they describe, that it is with a sense of relief and expectancy that we take up a volume written by one who has spent a considerable portion of his life in one province, and has watched its growth from a mere collection of barbarian settlements into what is fast becoming one of the most prosperous Protectorates of the British Crown. Dr. Ansonge has had a wide experience of life in Uganda; as medical officer of Her Majesty's Government he has been largely instrumental in bringing about the pacification and civilisation of that country. An ardent sportsman and an enthusiastic collector of entomological specimens, he has had many thrilling adventures, besides which he had seen a considerable amount of service in the field. In addition to this we may add that his book is well written and profusely illustrated with most realistic photographs, and is one of the most interesting and instructive volumes of the many that have been written on uncivilised Africa. Six times has Dr. Ansonge made the journey from Mombasa to Uganda, besides spending nearly a year in the more remote parts known as Unyoro, and has crossed Lake Albert four times. He says:—

My first journey, March, 1894, to Uganda was made in the days prior to the proclamation of a British Protectorate over these regions. Caravans then had to be fitted out at Zanzibar, though Mombasa, on the mainland, was the actual starting point. . . . The caravan route from Mombasa to Port Alice, a distance of 200 miles, was practically a mere footpath. Not a few hardships had to be faced, where the journey now has become comparatively a pleasure trip. Barely three years ago two caravan parties were massacred by hostile natives; now, a gentleman boasted in my hearing, that he could travel the whole distance of 200 miles in absolute safety, armed with nothing but his walking-stick.

At that time it took the author eighteen days to cross the Taru Desert and the fever-belt beyond it; now the traveller enters the train at Mombasa one day, and finds himself next day safe beyond this trying region. At the spot where Bishop Hannington was killed, mission ladies now travel safely and comfortably. And at Kikura, where Dr. Ansonge and his party were warned not to venture out of sight of the fort, and never to go about unarmed or without an armed escort, three families of English settlers have built themselves homes, and three chubby infants, the first Europeans born in this distant region of Africa, have made their appearance.

The Uganda Protectorate does not mean simply Uganda, but it includes vast realms around it, territories where no white man has ever passed.

Those who read stirring records of explorations and discoveries associated with names like Livingstone, Speke, Grant, and Mungo Park, are very much mistaken if they imagine that similar achievements are out of their reach because all that can be discovered has been discovered. Within the last few years Count Teleki has added to the map two new lakes, lying close together, and named by him Lake Rudolph and Lake Stephanie. Rebmann, incited by stories, by many believed to be mythical, that a high mountain, the summit covered with eternal snow, lay in Africa, endeavoured to find it; and the famous snow-clad Kilimanjaro was added to general geographical knowledge, though for some time the discovery was disbelieved in Europe. It seemed impossible to give credence to a story of "eternal snow" under the scorching rays of an African sun.

And later the author writes:—

Sitting by the camp-fire, I have listened to Arab and Swahili stories, asserted, of course, to be absolutely true, though sounding to my sceptical ear even more mythical than Rebmann's story of the snow mountain can have ever sounded in his day. One of the stories asserts as a fact, that far beyond the present limits of the white man in these regions, there lies a land where gold is plentiful, and where the natives are ignorant of its value or its use, except that the humblest can and does use it as the cheapest ornament wherewith to deck himself. Hardy Arab traders, it is said, have now and again managed to penetrate to these auriferous realms, which are difficult to reach owing to enormous foodless tracts which the traveller has first to cross. The knowledge of the road to this land of gold, and everything that might betray its whereabouts, is kept, so they say, a secret by the Arabs.

Dr. Ansonge tells of a region explored by Count Teleki, where natives were ignorant of the value of ivory, and where consequently it lay on the ground where the elephant had died. And he adds:—

It is, therefore, not impossible that unknown races in some of these unknown regions have a superabundance of gold which, like the ivory just mentioned, is scorned by the foot of the savage, who is unconscious of its value.

Dr. Ansonge gives us some interesting information about the Soudanese in Uganda, and relates many incidents of the mutiny of these troops. The mutiny, he says, though insignificant when compared with the momentous Indian mutiny, with its gigantic interests at stake, had some resemblance to its prototype; in arising from general discontent due to some apparently trivial causes; in black troops, armed and drilled by Europeans, turning their weapons and their knowledge against their benefactors; in brutal murders perpetrated against defenceless white men; finally, by the prompt assistance rendered by the Home Government to suppress the mutiny and to remove its alleged causes. He writes:—

It is already a matter of history how the Soudanese came to Uganda, when they are aliens quite as much as any European. The Dervish success in the Sudan, culminating in the fall of Khartoum, when Gordon Pasha lost his life, drove out of the country what remained of the troops wearing the Egyptian uniform. These fugitives carried their arms and ammunition with them. Having knowledge of the advantage of military discipline, they followed with implicit obedience their leaders, and, owing to the superiority of their arms, they found themselves masters of the territories which they had been compelled to invade. Left to forage for themselves, they became raiding bands; but they knew that unity meant strength, and they held together to resist the common enemy.

According to Mahomedan notions, slaves are lawful spoil, and captives, boys as well as girls, would thus be added to the household. These children of different races, speaking different languages, unknown to each other and to their captors, soon forget their own language and learn to speak the tongue of the Soudanese. Many—I believe I may venture to say most—of our so-called Soudanese soldiers are not true Soudanese, nor even their descendants, but purely and simply their slave children grown up.

Lagard, hearing of these dangerous hordes on the borders of Uganda, by a stroke converted them into useful allies. Others who succeeded him in authority followed his example, for shortly after my arrival in Uganda another company of these wanderers was enlisted.

Dr. Ansonge was in Unyoro when the mutiny broke out in Uganda, and at one time was the only white man in his district. He took over the command of the fort at Masindi, and it was only by his great courage and presence of mind that he was able to quiet the excitement at that place.

He says, at one time "I was appreciably near death, for the bearing of the soldiers was most threatening." Fortunately he had a loyal assistant in Fadlulla Effendi, the Soudanese commander. When the doctor was surrounded by the Soudanese, whose rifles were all pointed at him, this soldier practically saved the situation.

In a valuable appendix Mr. Ernst Hartert gives an interesting account of Dr. Ansonge's collection of African birds; the Hon. Walter Rothschild contributes a description of some new species of African lepidoptera, and Mr. W. E. de Winton has added a scientific list of small mammals captured by the author.

An Encounter with Dacoits in India

FOR over a year much trouble has been caused in the Jhansi district of the North West Frontier of India by a gang of dacoits, originally between four and five hundred in number, who have been waging a guerilla warfare with the police of Gwalior and the adjacent British territory. In the frequent encounters which took place the numbers of the dacoits have been steadily thinned until



Parbut Singh Durjar J Singh Luchmar Singh
THREE DACOITS OF SALEH SAHIR'S GANG ARRESTED BY THE JHANSI POLICE

a short time since they made a last stand, when a desperate hand-to-hand fight took place between them and the Jhansi police, in which the latter were completely victorious and the remnants of the gang killed or taken prisoners. Having heard that the dacoits had gone on a plundering expedition, Mr. Richardson, Assistant Superintendent of Police, and Mr. Goad, District Superintendent of Police, accompanied by twenty-five native police, started in their pursuit and came up with them on the side of a hill, where they had taken up a strong position under an overhanging rock which protected their rear, while in front of them and on either flank were high rocks with an open plain beyond. Finding it impossible, owing to the nature of the ground, to dislodge the dacoits from a distance, Mr. Goad decided to rush their stronghold, and accordingly charged



THE DACOITS' STRONGHOLD

them with a party of the police from the front, while Mr. Richardson led another party from the rear of the position. Both officers charged home, but the native police lagged behind. Shots were exchanged at a few paces, and Mr. Goad killed two of the dacoits, one of them being Saleh Sahib, the leader of the gang. In a second attack each officer was accompanied by one man, one of whom was killed and another wounded. Eventually the three remaining dacoits, two of whom were wounded, laid down their arms and surrendered to Mr. Goad, though not before one of them had treacherously fired at Mr. Goad as he advanced to take them prisoners. On our side Mr. Goad and three constables were wounded and two constables killed.

Trout Fishing in Norway

By J. BICKERDYKE

THE little Norwegian hotel and post-station is only divided from the long mountain-surrounded lake by the high road, and as two English anglers, who have been jogging up the beautiful valley, arrive at their destination, their eyes quickly alight on three moving boats, from which rods project. All the boats, indeed, are out, so our friends have to restrain their ardour until the following morning.

There is a roaring, pale-green river dashing down the valley, forming here and there broad-spreading alder-environed pools, and after the evening meal one of the new arrivals strolls down the bank, fly-rod in hand, and returns before bed-time with a creel half full of small trout. As he goes up the steps leading to the verandah of the hotel he finds the guests displaying their catches. All have been trolling, and Phantoms and Devon Minnows have been the baits used. One has two brace of fish varying from one to three pounds; another a brace and a half, while the third has caught nothing. Not very brilliant sport this, as the result of a journey some hundreds of miles across the North Sea, then still farther northward along the coast, with a long drive inland at the end of it.

The August air is mild and balmy, and the fishermen smoke several after-supper pipes in the hotel verandah, chatting over the events of the day and the possibilities of sport in the future. The general opinion is that the best baits for this water are the Devons and Phantoms aforesaid; but one of the new arrivals, before turning-in, seeks the larder where his trout have been placed, takes out from among them a dozen of the smallest, little fish not much larger than samlets, and takes them to bed with him.

The next morning opens bright and breezy, too bright to be a good fishing day, but a fine ripple none the less, and certainly a day on which several brace of unsophisticated trout ought to be captured. Badger and Dun, to give the new arrivals their proper appellations, make an early start. "Let Ola choose tackle and bait for a start," says Dun, and Badger readily acquiesces. Ola makes his choice, and within five minutes of leaving the quay the orthodox Devon and Phantom are trailing some forty or fifty yards behind the high-prowed Norwegian boat. Whenever they near the shore, or there are indications of shallows, Dun takes up his fly-rod and makes a few casts, soon catching some half-dozen herring-sized trout. An hour's steady trolling only results in the capture of one fish of a pound and a half, which takes the Devon minnow.

Two hours pass, and the anglers secure no further runs. Badger describes himself as being "sick of it," and determines to try an experiment. "Try anything you like," says Dun, short of a net or otter; but I don't think you'll do much good. I believe those confounded Norskers have ottered the lake to death."

And now Badger brings from his creel a little greasy-looking paper parcel containing those same small trout which he extracted from the larder the previous night. The fish are somewhat large to use as trolling baits for trout, but with deft fingers he cuts one in half, scrapes out a fragment of the flesh from the tail end, and sticks the thing on a Chapman spinner. After certain dexterous manipulations with brown silk, he fashions the tail into a shape resembling a dumpy little trout. His Dumpyness, however, spins nicely, and the trolling is continued, the natural bait taking the place of the Phantom. While Badger is still letting out line he has a run, and within a space of ten seconds contradicts himself thus: "I've got one—no, he's off! By Jove! he's on again. Dash it! I've missed him! Now I've got him." "Quite sure?" says Dun drily. "Quite," says Badger, triumphantly; and at that moment a pretty fish of between three and four pounds leaps and settles the question.

The Chapman spinner is well mounted, the hooks hold, and the trout is creeled. The trout-tail bait is not much the worse for the adventure, and is soon spinning again through the green water far astern of the boat. Within ten minutes Badger is again ejaculating, and Ola evinces amazement as he handles the landing-net, for this second fish is even larger than its predecessor. Dun begins to think there is something in it, tries the same experiment, and very soon he, like his friend, is enjoying as good an afternoon's fishing as the heart of a reasonable angler can desire. The trout evidently prefer real fish to a piece of bright metal. Passing round a rocky promontory, the anglers come upon a Norwegian farmer, who is working a rough otter-board and cross-line from which depend a dozen huge flies. He has caught nothing, and Badger mildly chaffs Dun on his antipathy to otters and his belief in their destructiveness.

An interesting discussion now takes place as to a point more or less remotely connected with the ethics of angling. "Now, ought we," says Badger, "to tell the chaps at the hotel what an excellent bait trout-tail is in this lake? It seems rather a shame not to let them share in a good thing like this." Dun thinks so too, but presently remarks that if everyone stopping at the hotel catches trout at the rate they are being caught that afternoon, the result would be—"As bad as if they all had otter-boards," says Badger, concluding the sentence. "And that would never do," adds Dun. "No, that would never do," concurs Badger. And so the secret has been kept until this present moment.

* "Under the African Sun." By W. J. Ansonge, M.A., LL.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (Heinemann.)

Our Bookshelf

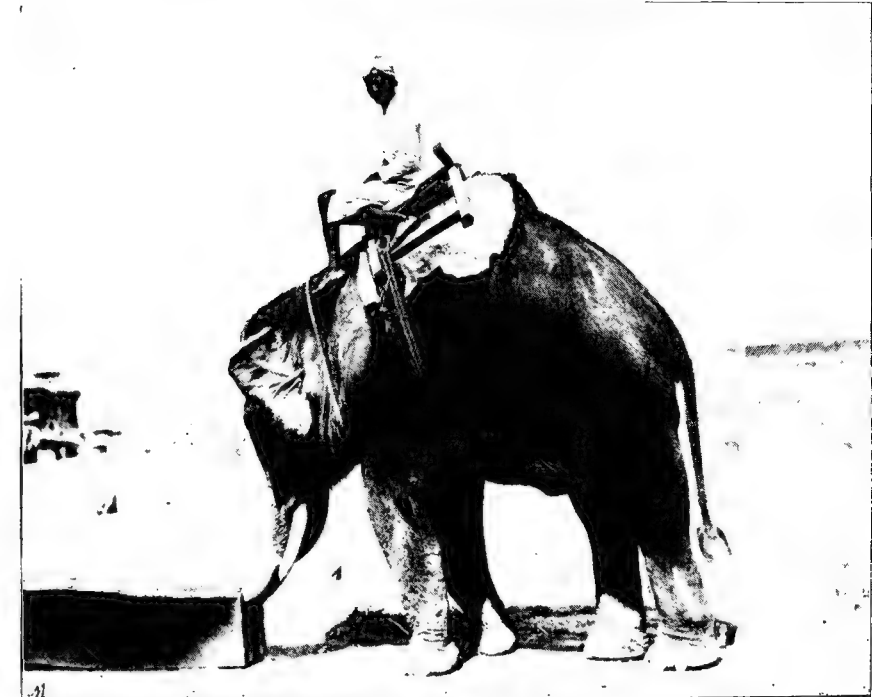
EXACTLY fifty years ago "The Life of Maximilian Robespierre," by Mr. George Henry Lewis, made its first appearance. Previous to that time no biography of Carlyle's "Poor, seagreen, atrabilia formula of a man" had been written—that is if we except the notices in biographical dictionaries and histories of the French Revolution. Now, half a century later, in consequence, no doubt, of the renewed interest taken in revolutionary history—both English and French—Messrs. Chapman and Hall have issued a new edition of that work. What was fifty years ago the only biography of Robespierre, is, notwithstanding the many others that have been written since, still a long way the best we have—at any rate of those written in the English language.

Cromwell is a revolutionary of a very different type to Robespierre, although both of them were instrumental in the undoing of a king. Mr. G. H. Pike, in his "Cromwell and His Times" (Unwin) does not give us anything valuable in the way of new facts regarding the "Protector," but his book, nevertheless, is remarkably good reading. It is written in an easy and chatty style, and is full of interesting anecdotes and incidents, which, although they may not be of much value historically, throw a good deal of light

wretched existence, and miserable death of John Murray of Broughton." "No lip of me or mine comes after Broughton's!" said the Whig father of Sir Walter Scott, as he threw out of the window the teacup from which the traitor had drunk." Macdonnell of Barisdale is another fascinating ruffian: the "Jonathan Wild of Lochaber and Knoydart" he is called by Waverley. The book is a valuable addition to the history of the Jacobites, but, as we have already remarked, it is advisable for those who propose reading it to first of all peruse "Pickle, the Spy."

To write the history of a literature that is as little known as that of Japan is in itself no easy matter, but when that literature extends over twelve centuries it seems a task the magnitude of which would make it impossible to accomplish. Mr. Aston, C.M.G., late Japanese Secretary of H.M. Legation, Tokio, not only undertook this task, but has succeeded in his "History of Japanese Literature" (Heinemann) in producing a book which, besides being a masterpiece of erudition and research, and remarkable for the wealth of material it contains, is also one that is intensely interesting to read. The author traces the literature of Japan from the Archaic Period, that is before 700 A.D., down to the present day. By copious extracts, both of prose and poetry, he shows us the beauties and peculiarities of Japanese authors.

(Duckworth), edited by Mr. Stephen Wheeler. Although they throw but little fresh light upon the character of the writer, yet they show that he had a genial and affectionate side to his nature, and that he was not always the bitter, rugged, quarrelsome man that he appears to many to have been. Mr. Wheeler, in introducing the lady to whom most of these letters were written, says:—"When living at Fiesole Landor met Mrs. Paynter, whom he had known as a little girl. With her he would talk of his boyish devotion to her sister, the beautiful Rose Aylmer, who died in India in 1800. Mrs. Paynter gave him a lock of Miss Aylmer's hair, which I found carefully preserved in his writing desk. The name and features of one of Mrs. Paynter's daughters also reminded him of the romance of his youth." In fact we might almost say that his affection for Miss Aylmer was in a measure transferred to her niece, Miss Rose Paynter, afterwards Lady Graves-Sawle. These letters were begun soon after his final separation from his wife in 1838, and continue until 1853, the year before his death. Among those whom Landor mentions in his letters are Browning, Lady Bulwer, Count D'Orsay, Kinglake, Dickens and Forster. In one letter he says:—"I hope you are delighted with every number of 'Dombey and Son.' Dickens looks thin and poorly and Forster fat and ruddy as usual." The latter part of the volume consists of "Public Letters," which were printed in the *Examiner*.



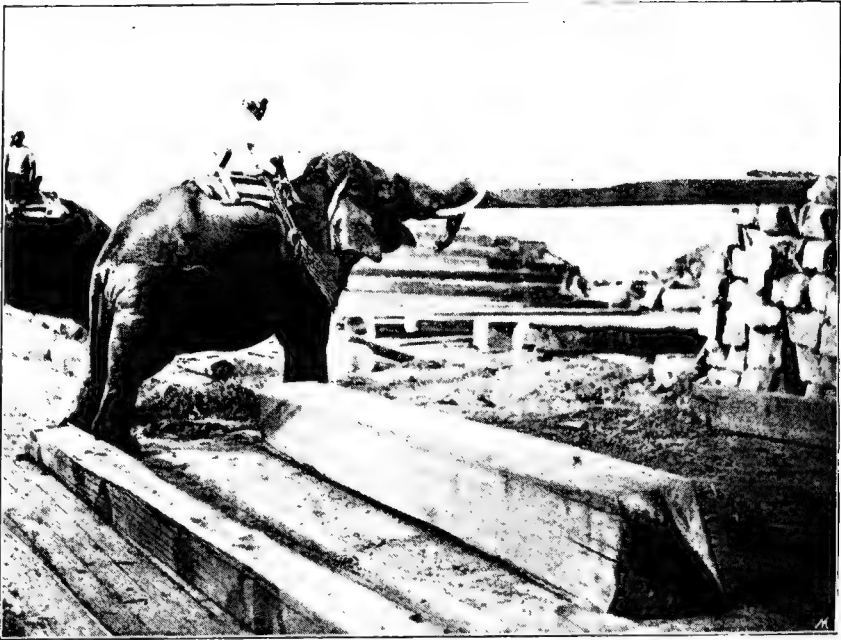
PUSHING A TEAK LOG INTO POSITION FOR HOISTING ON TO A PILE



CARRYING LOG ENDS



RAISING THE END OF A LOG FROM THE GROUND TO THE PILE



PUSHING A LOG HOME ON THE TOP OF THE PILE

ELEPHANTS PILING TEAK LOGS AT SAW MILLS IN RANGOON

on the character of the man himself and on the times in which he lived.

Without having read "Pickle, the Spy" (Longmans), it is impossible to thoroughly enjoy its sequel, "The Companions of Pickle," but to those who have read it there is a treat in store. There is a fascination about Mr. Lang's writing which never fails him, and when he writes on Scottish History, as in this book, he is, so to speak, "on his native heath." At what ever chapter he opens the book, the reader will at once become fascinated by the subject and by the writing. The volume opens with the chapters dealing with the life and death of the last Earl Marischal, George Keith, a man "whose conscience might gild the walls of a dungeon." "Materials for a complete life of the Earl do not exist," says Mr. Lang, yet by dint of careful research he has got together enough material from historical and private sources to allow us to follow him pretty closely through his long and eventful life. The chapters on Murray of Broughton are also particularly interesting. "In black contrast to the name, the character, the high life, and peaceful, kindly end of the good Earl Marischal stood the infamy, the ruined soul, the

Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "History of Spanish Literature" is certainly one of the most interesting of the "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World" series, published by Messrs. Heinemann. "Spanish literature," the author tells us, "like our own, takes its root in French and Italian soil, in the anonymous epics, in the *fableaux*, as in Dante, Petrarch, and the Cinque Cento poets. Excessive patriotism leads men of all lands to magnify their literary history; yet it may be claimed for Spain, as for England, that she has used her models without compromising her originality, absorbing here, annexing there, and finally dominating her first masters." Mr. Kelly devotes the greater part of his book to what he calls the heroic age of her literature, that is from the accession of Carlos Quinto (1516) to the death of Felipe IV. (1700). But Spain's victorious course, splendid as it was in letters, arts and arms, was comparatively brief. But what picturesque figures they were, these writers of the heroic age! Many of them were soldiers, and in war and in love as in letters they stood out as types of the highest chivalry.

Admirers of Landor will be delighted with this collection of hitherto unpublished "Letters of Walter Savage Landor"

Piling Teak

THE accompanying illustrations show the work done by elephants in the teak timber yard in Burma, wherein they display an amount of intelligence which is often very surprising to a stranger. The most difficult work the elephant has to do is to pile the timber, the logs weighing generally about one ton, although some of them reach over three tons in weight. An elephant will go on for hours disposing of log after log under the direction of his driver, who is mounted on his back. Besides piling teak, the elephants drag the logs from place to place, and carry log ends on their tusks. These ends weigh from 5 to 10 cwt. each. Elephants do not commence working until they are about thirty years old. They then continue working for thirty to fifty years, although in India they live until they are 150 years old or more. Our illustrations are from photographs by Watts and Skeen, Rangoon.

The Dreyfus Court-Martial

As the day draws near for the second court-martial on Dreyfus the excitement at Rennes, where he is to be tried, and, indeed, all over France, is again becoming intense. The *Affaire* is again the absorbing topic and passions are again let loose. The French Government has issued the following note as to the limits and deliberations of the court-martial.

"The object of the instructions given to the Government Commissary attached to the Rennes court-martial is to define the points on which, by virtue or judgment of the Court of Cassation, he is bound to insist, and those which the authority of the *chambre jugée* does not permit the Court to discuss without going beyond its rights and risking the annulment of its proceedings as void and the re-opening of the trial. These instructions also define the legal conditions determining the summoning of witnesses at the instance of the Public Prosecutor. Finally, and although the Minister has a right to indicate to the Public Prosecutor written conclusions, the most complete liberty in this respect is left to the Government Commissary."

The explanation of this is that the Court of Cassation has recognised that the secret document in which occur the words, "Ce canaille de D—" was actually communicated to the court-martial of 1894 without the knowledge of the defence. Also that the alleged confessions of Dreyfus are juridically non-existent. The Government Commissary is to remember that no discussion can be held except on the points defined by the Court—namely, as to whether the documents enumerated in the *bordereau* were handed over by Dreyfus. Further, the Public Prosecutor can summon only those witnesses whose testimony relates to these facts. All other facts than those specified by the Supreme Court can only be dealt with in an investigation independent of the case about to be tried at Rennes.

It is not likely, therefore, that Captain Lebrun Renaud, to whom Dreyfus made the alleged "confession," will appear at the Rennes court-martial. The only question—and it cannot be too clearly stated—is whether or not Dreyfus furnished documents to a foreign Power. This question having already been answered by the court in favour of Dreyfus, it would seem that a verdict of acquittal is inevitable, but the enemies of Dreyfus will, of course, do their best to incite his new judges to break the law and violate their trust.

Colonel Jouast will preside at the court-martial, and the Government Commissary is Major Carrière, whose portrait we give.



CAPTAIN PARFAIT
Member of the Court-Martial



GÉNÉRAL DE NEGRIER
The latest victim of the "Affaire"



SERGEANT TOUSTIN
Usher of the Court-Martial



M. PAPILLON
Clerk of the Court-Martial



ADJUTANT MOULIN
Governor of the Rennes Prison



MAJOR CARRIÈRE
Government Commissary



CAPTAIN JACQUIER
Reporter of the Court-Martial

Captain Parfait, of the 7th Regiment of Artillery, is one of the members of the court-martial. He is forty-four years of age, and, like all his colleagues, an ex-pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique.

Sergeant Toustin is the usher, M. Papillon the clerk, and Captain Jacquier the reporter of the court-martial. Adjutant Moulin is the Governor of the Military Prison at Rennes, in whose charge Dreyfus now is. General Negrier, one of the best known officers in the French army, whose portrait also appears, was recently disgraced by a decree which relieved him of his functions as a member of the Superior Council of War entrusted with special missions. In the course of his various journeys as inspector of army corps General Negrier had naturally occasion to confer daily with various commanders. In one of these conferences he criticised the attitude of the Government, which, he declared, should not have permitted the attacks on the army, and he charged the generals to whom his words were addressed to inform the officers under their orders that things could not be allowed to continue as they had been doing. "Let them know," he said, "that things cannot continue in this fashion. We must allow the Rennes court-martial to be finished, but as soon as it is concluded the Superior Council of War will call upon the Government to act, and if it does not the Council will deliberate on the situation."

These words spread rapidly through the army corps at Bourges where they were uttered, and produced considerable excitement. A report was not long in reaching the Ministry of War, and the General's disgrace soon followed.

Our portraits of Captain Parfait, Adjutant Moulin, and Sergeant Toustin are by Graveleau, Rennes; and that of General de Negrier by E. Appert, Paris.

Our Photographic Supplement

THE amateur photographer is still with us, not perhaps so aggressive as he was a few years ago, when the general adoption of dry plates made the art so easy of practice that every nine out of ten persons seemed to have suddenly blossomed into a camera worker, but he is still in our midst—and as the result of our recent competition shows, he is doing much excellent work. We are forgetting, though, that the army of amateurs includes many lady workers, and, as will be seen, the gentler sex have secured several of the prizes which we offered.

Fashion asserts itself in most sublunary things, and amateur photography forms no exception to the rule. It often happens that some prominent worker makes a successful picture out of, say—a cottage door, with a sun-bonnetted peasant standing within its portals. Thereupon dozens of amateurs will aim at the same type of photograph, and the exhibitions are flooded with such rustic scenes. Last year there was a run on marshy land and lowering skies, with such titles as "When the day's work is o'er" or "Eventide," or a line from Gray's "Elegy." In the present competition "Mutton" would have been an appropriate title for hundreds of the pictures sent in, for their leading feature was sheep and lambs. Sheep browsing, sheep sleeping, sheep being sheared, sheep bleating along the dusty highway, and the same necessary animals in every imaginable position and situation came to us in troves.

Another circumstance gleaned from a critical examination of the pictures sent in for our competition is quite a curiosity of amateur photography. It would appear that certain workers who devote their attention to landscape are not as ready as they might be to

vast improvement upon the work of a past generation. This, to say the least, the model, instead of being put against a pillar and curving the like of which has never been seen outside a second-rate photographic studio, is posed among the home surroundings at a desk, a piano, and is therefore natural in appearance, and loses that conscious expression which is the bane of the common photograph. A good example of this kind of portraiture is that by H. Padgett, which has won a three-guinea prize. The same rule also applies to the excellent picture on the same page, "Corner of a Drawing-Room," by Conte Lanza Mazzarino, which also shows what can be done by careful posing amid rich surroundings.

A fine example of rough sea picturing is that by Alexander "On the Wild Cornish Shore," which has taken a three-guinea prize. Those who are acquainted with the Cornish coast will know something of the difficulties of photography in such a spot, by reason of the inaccessible nature of the rocks, the flying scud which is apt to dim the lens, and the wind which threatens to demolish the entire apparatus. But the work has its reward, for it is certainly by no other kind of pictorial art can the silvery froth of waves, and its lacelike tracery on the surface of the water, be so faithfully rendered. And when, as in the case before us, we have the contrast of this water churned into white foam, with dark rocks that intersect it, the result is very satisfying to the artistic sense.

Some of the most charming paintings have been made up by the association of children with domestic animals, and one can only call to mind many such works by distinguished artists. Amateur photographers have become alive to the possibilities of picture-making with the help of their pets, and in the present Supplement will be found two very pleasing examples of such work.

"Market," by Mrs. Albert [name obscured], of Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, is a picture of a woman, who has harnessed a couple of lambs to a very primitive kind of cart. The other example, "Henry Stevens," of Adlestrop, is a carefully thought out and a balanced composition. We regret that by the slip of a line in the fact that this picture is a prize winner is not mentioned beneath the title in part of our issue.

The other prize pictures in this Supplement are of great technical excellence, but of a more ordinary type, and, therefore, do not call for special comment. Mrs. Bishop, for her "Bible Temple," wins a prize of one guinea; Mr. U. C. Wanner, of Philadelphia, takes a prize of the same value for his laughing nigger, as does also Mr. W. G. Patchett, Mr. I. S. Bond, Miss Mary Crossley, and Mr. John Dushley.

recognise a failure when it comes their way. What we mean is that when a picture by over-exposure or wrong treatment during development becomes blurred or fogged it is not discarded, but is preserved as if the fault were really a virtue, and with a high sounding title such as "A Misty Morning," or "Through the Gloaming," is sent in for competition with works which have no such flaw. Photographs of this kind have before now been medalled by judges who had a hankering after impressionism without that technical knowledge of photography which would have helped them out of the error. This circumstance has encouraged many amateurs to treasure their spoilt negatives instead of smashing them as they ought to have done. On the whole, the collection of pictures which has blocked our office indicates distinct progress in amateur camera work; but it must be admitted that a large proportion of them can by no stretch of imagination be regarded as works of art.

Our first prize of 20*l.* is awarded to Mr. W. McLean, of Belfast, for one of those *genre* subjects which are so very difficult to carry out by means of photography. It is easy enough to think out such a scene, but the realisation of the idea is too often accompanied by unconscious burlesque. Photographers will note with regard to this picture that the arrangement of its parts involves difficulties with regard to lighting which have been very cleverly surmounted. By a curious coincidence our first prize falls this year to a picture which has exactly the same title, "Worn Out," as that which took the principal prize in the last competition.

The necessity which generally compels the amateur portraitist to accomplish his work in an ordinary sitting-room instead of under a glass roof has led to a natural style of posing which is a

We may remind our readers that the terms of the photographic competition were as follows:—The proprietors thirty-four prizes, comprising a first prize of 20*l.*, a second and a third and fourth of 5*l.* In addition to these they offered Kodak cameras worth 3*l.* 3*s.* each, and twenty pocket cameras worth 1*l.* 1*s.* each. The picture which won the first prize is reproduced in our present issue. The second prize goes to Mr. F. Inston, of Liverpool, for a breezy seascape entitled "The Storm Lifting," the third to Mrs. Wiggins of Salem, Mass., U.S.A., for a rustic subject with the title "Hunger for the Beste Koch," and the fourth to Alfred Craske, of Tooting, for a highly original picture, "If I had a boy I wouldn't go." The three-guinea Kodak cameras have been awarded in addition to those in the present Supplement, to Dr. Anderson, of Helensburgh, for "The Mouth of the Gareloch," Dr. A. Mazel for his landscape "Près Randi, Zermatt," Seymour Conway for "Exeter Cathedral," to W. G. Hooper "Looking for the Postman," to Mabel Thomson for "Puppies," to J. Redhead for "Ennerdale Lake," and to E. Gardner for "Hoar Frost." The winners of the one-guinea Kodaks, other than those specified in the present Supplement, are Colonel Taylor, Dr. Wibiral, T. B. Miller, F. A. Toynbee, A. L. Spiller, G. W. Harker, P. Gay of New Zealand, Miss P. Rochussen (Switzerland), Sydney Spencer, Mrs. Maud, Miss Tremayne, and Rev. R. C. Macleod. These pictures will be published in our Supplements of the 12th and 19th instant. As a matter of interest it may be mentioned that photographs for this competition were sent to us from all quarters of the globe.

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12	0 by 10	0 .. 6	5 0	13	0 by 12	0 ..	8 5 0
13	6 by 10	0 .. 7	0 0	14	0 by 12	0 ..	8 15 0
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"MA MERE; or, Sons and Daughters under the Second Empire," by Vicomte Jean de Luz (Smith, Elder and Co.), is a picture by a pen, evidently dipped in ink of a Legitimist tinge, of the Court of Napoleon III., which is described as a sink of depravity and corruption thinly veiled by vulgar ostentation. The most interesting of the characters is a girl of good family who makes up for narrow means by serving one of the Imperial Chamberlains both as mistress and as a spy upon her own father and his Royalist friends; and is afterwards employed by a banking firm to collect military information for sale to Prussia. The Emperor himself figures as half ruffian, half coward, and all fool; and as not only persecuting with an odious passion the most virtuous of heroines, but—apparently—attempting, by deputy, the assassination of her protector. So there is scandal enough in the volume, and to spare. But it has all the force both of conviction and of style; and the description of the fight at Loigny is among the battle pieces that get remembered.

"THE COMMON LOT"

Ursula Keane, the heroine of what we dare not venture to call Miss Adeline Sergeant's latest novel (Andrew McRose), is a good and handsome girl who, starting with high notions of setting the world to rights, finds that she has to put up with the "common lot" of woman. Not that it is altogether common, happily, to have to think and act for such a handful of a pretty younger sister as Sylvia. But as the lot, despite passing troubles, includes a well-placed love and a happy marriage, Miss Sergeant is almost too optimistic to be in the fashion. Be good and you will be happy, is a doctrine that leaves much to be desired on the score both of truth and of morals. But it is pleasantly illustrated, and the novel may be highly commended as a gift not only to good girls like Ursula, but to naughty ones like Sylvia.



This picture represents the first stage in the effort of the United States to make good Indians by other than the time-honoured process of weighting them with lead. Nothing can convey an idea of the benefit that results from the American Government's Indian Schools throughout the country so well as a glance at the contrast shown in our illustration of the primitive native and the neat and tidy children returning to their parental home.

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"MONICA'S MISTAKE"

Monica, according to her story as told by Nella Parker (George Routledge and Sons) made more mistakes than could easily be counted. But one big mistake was unquestionably her marriage, solely in obedience to the wish of her aunt, with a despicable scoundrel without even a fraction of a redeeming quality. A second, and bigger mistake was in continuing to live with a black guard. Indeed, one is almost tempted to regard as her crowning error an attempt to save his life when his bicycle was running away with him. In this, fortunately, she failed, and her own resulting injuries were not enough to prevent her from making a second matrimonial venture under really promising conditions. The story of her troubles—her being forced into the concert room and upon the stage in spite of the repulsiveness to her whole nature of a public career, the death of her child during an unwilling absence, and all the more ordinary miseries of such a marriage—are told in an interesting manner, and in such a way as to make one glad of her final happiness, while feeling that the postponement of it had been very much of her own making.

"MORE METHODIST IDYLLS"

Recollections of Mr. Harry Lindsay's "Methodist Idylls" will ensure a welcome for more of them (James Bowden). The contents of this further series consist of portraits and incidents culled from the Methodist chapel of a South Welsh mining district, and if the author—judging from less favoured localities—tends to idealise as well as to idylise, the tendency is certainly on the pleasant side. We should add, by way of additional temptation to any hesitating reader, that the political agitator does not seem as yet to have found his way to Avonlwyd; and that merely to read about a place inhabited by such good people so overflowing with mutual help and kindness, and so sympathetically written about, is almost as good as taking a holiday and going there—perhaps even better.

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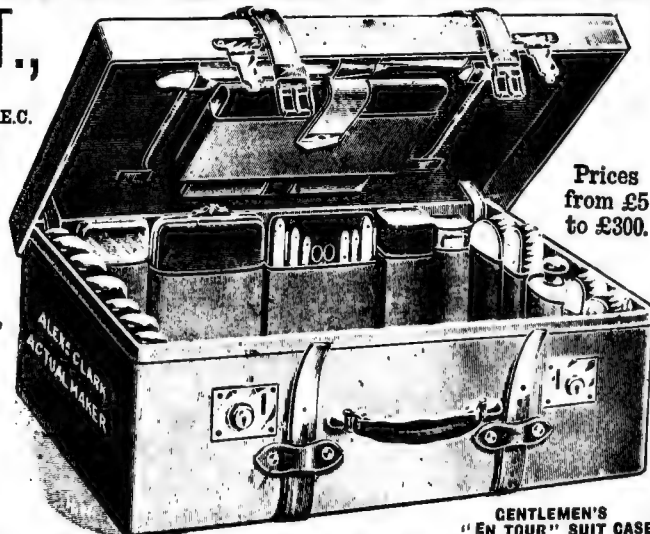
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Music

THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL

The first cycle of the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, which came to an end on Saturday, was chiefly supported by the Americans; but the English, who have bought largely for the later performances, will by this time be on their way. The Bavarians, not unnaturally, confound the two, dubbing all English-speaking people British, so that many of our fair countrywomen have been held responsible



In blue and white painted silk muslin over white. Design in black ribbon velvet. Sash of black silk crepe. Corsage and skirt are flecked with blue and silver spangles. Yoke of white mousseline, with insertion. Hat of coarse biscuit straw, with wheat-ears, grass, and pale blue chiffon.

A COSTUME FOR A WATERING-PLACE

for the eccentricities of dress which certain of our American cousins affect. Madame Cosima Wagner, however, knew the foibles of her sex, and an order was promulgated, and ruthlessly carried out, that the matinée hat should not be permitted to destroy a view of the stage, and, in fact, that no lady should be admitted to the Festival playhouse with a head covering at all. It is pretended that the Americans were the greatest offenders in this respect, although the English ladies are by no means immaculate. However, the removal of hats was an advantage in other respects, for the weather at Bayreuth, until the grateful rain fell on Saturday, has been almost insufferably hot, and, as the theatre is artificially darkened, there is little or no ventilation. English is said to be the language of quite seven-eighths of the visitors, a fact which must give the Bavarians a rather exaggerated idea of the affection of our countrymen for the "Music of the Future." That Bayreuth is gradually becoming boycotted by the Germans themselves is partly explained by the fact that better vocal performances of all save *Parsifal*, which is still a monopoly of Bayreuth, are to be heard in many of the subsidised theatres of the Fatherland, and that the prices at Bayreuth, namely, a pound a seat a day, are deemed extravagant in a land where the best seats at the opera rarely, save on "Guest" nights, come to more than a fourth of that sum. The Princess of Wales, for whom rooms had been reserved, was, at the last moment, unable to come, owing, it is said, to the death of her near relative, the heir to the Russian Throne, but among those who attended the first cycle were the Queen of Wurtemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Weimar, Prince and Princess William of Hesse, the Princess of Turn u Taxis, and quite a dozen of other German Princes and Princesses, to say nothing of Prince Duleep Singh, Mr. Ben Greet, Mr. Schulz Curtius, and a large number of other people well known in musical or dramatic life in England and the United States.

Der Ring des Nibelungen was performed on July 22 and the three following days. Herr Mottl was away owing, as some say, to a split with Bayreuth, but according to others to a slight attack of whooping cough. His place in the *Ring*, to the great disappointment of several German conductors, who doubtless imagined that their own chance of conducting at Bayreuth had come at last, was taken by young Siegfried Wagner, though it certainly seems a pity that Richter, who was present, did not accept the vacant baton. Herr Schmedes, who had been engaged for Siegfried, was also *hors de combat* owing to a bicycle accident. This gave an opportunity to Herr Ernst Kraus, a recruit from Berlin, whose youthful and handsome figure quite captivated the ladies of the audience. He was at his best as the young Siegfried, for the more matured Siegfried of the *Götterdämmerung* demanded riper powers. Still to those who in England have been accustomed to middle-aged Wagnerian heroes, Kraus's boyish vitality and impetuosity were very charming. In *Das Rheingold*, Dr. Briesemeister, who formerly played Siegfried, carried off the honours for his impersonation of Loge, a humorous and laughter-loving rather than a mischievous god. Frau Schumann-Heink also was of course very good as Erda, her old part at Covent Garden. In *Die Walküre*, some of the "Old Guard" of Bayreuth appeared, among them Frau Gulbranson, a Swede, who has been one of the Brünnhildes at Bayreuth since 1895, the veteran Frau Sucher, the original Eva in London in 1882, but who now gave a very touching though vocally rather tired representation of Sieglinde, Herr Burgstaller, a Bayreuth-trained tenor as Siegmund, and of course the Covent Garden artist, Van Rooy, as Wotan, the part in which he



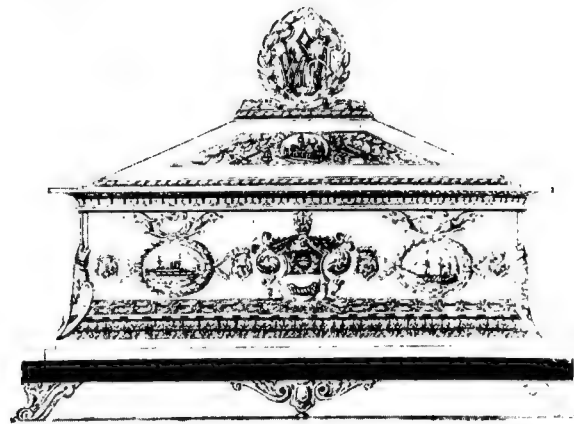
OBVERSE

REVERSE

A bronze medal made for the Corporation of the City of London to commemorate the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. On the obverse side of the medal is a bust of Her Majesty, while on the reverse is seen a figure of Britannia seated on a rock, with the British lion reposing at her feet. On the left hand side are two attendant figures, representing Industry and Progress. Close to Britannia stand the City of London, holding in her right hand a cornucopia, and supporting with her left hand a shield bearing the City Arms. To the right are two figures symbolical of Commerce and the Colonies. The legend above runs as follows: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them? V.R.I. —1837-1897." The medal is manufactured by Messrs. Spink and Son, of Piccadilly, W., and Gracechurch Street.

JUBILEE MEDAL MADE FOR THE CORPORATION

made his first great success. He played Wotan throughout the week. In *Siegfried* there were, of course, Herr Kraus in the titular character, and Herr Breuer, a rather exaggerated Mime, besides Frau Gulbranson, who, despite an attack of hoarseness, seemed to be particularly appreciated at Bayreuth, although she may not be quite an ideal Brünnhilde in the sleep-waking scene.



A handsome casket was presented last week, together with the Freedom of Devonport, to Sir William White, Chief Constructor to the Navy, who is a native of that town. The casket, which is silver gilt, is oblong in form with classic mouldings, bearing upon the obverse the arms of Devonport, flanked on the one hand by a view of the *St. George*, the vessel upon which Sir William White was engaged when he first entered Devonport Dockyard, and on the other by the *Ocean*, one of the latest and finest vessels afloat. On the reverse appears the inscription plate with enamelled paintings of the dockyard church and gates and the Guildhall on either side. Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Sheffield and London, were the designers and modellers of the casket.

PRESENTATION TO SIR WILLIAM WHITE

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CULTURE THAT IS WANTED AS
HABITS OF REFLECTION,
THOUGHTFULNESS, AND CONDUCT.
WEALTH CANNOT PURCHASE PLEASURES
OF THE HIGHEST SORT. IT IS
THE HEART, TASTE, AND
JUDGMENT WHICH DETERMINE
THE HAPPINESS OF MAN AND RESTORE
HIM TO THE HIGHEST FORM OF
BEING.

—Smiles



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C. (The Head of Plato is from an Ancient Marble Bust, discovered in Greece, now in the Museum at Rome.)

BURNS says:—

IT'S NO IN TITLES, NOR IN RANK,
IT'S NO IN WEALTH LIKE LON'ON BANK
TO PURCHASE PEACE AND REST;
IT'S NO IN MAKING MUCKLE MAIR;
IT'S NO IN BOOKS, IT'S NO IN LEAR,
TO MAKE US TRULY BLEST.
IF HAPPINESS HAE NOT HER SEAT
AND CENTRE IN THE BREAST,
WE MAY BE WISE, OR RICH, OR GREAT,
BUT NEVER CAN BE BLEST.

LOVE OF LIFE.

'Tis Life, Not Death,
For which we Pant;
More Life and Fuller,
That we want!

—Tennyson.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—"From the days of Naaman the Syrian to the present time the simplicity of a remedy often militates against its acceptability in the eyes of the ignorant sufferer. As the captain of the host of the King of Syria rebelled at the injunction 'Wash and be clean,' so the dyspeptic of to-day, in only too many instances, treats with ungrounded contempt a curative agent at once so natural and efficacious as ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' And this in the face of evidences of its value as numerous as they are unimpeachable. In this particular case, however, Mr. J. C. Eno, whose name is more prominently connected with saline preparations than any other manufacturer, may rightly claim to have generally educated the public mind up to an approximately appreciative understanding of the remedial virtues possessed by this compound. The labour has been a Herculean one, demanding not only an almost heroic amount of strength and courage, but also an infinite measure of wit and originality that have scarcely met with the recognition so justly their due. Did the world stand still or did the generation that is to be benefit very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world famous 'FRUIT SALT.' It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one

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of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records. In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however ardently won or freshly gathered, and for this reason I have pleasure again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this journal to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Residents in the fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our Colonies, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics, the *bon vivant* no less than the man of business, whom the recommendation, 'Eat and be merry,' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous."—*The European Mail*.

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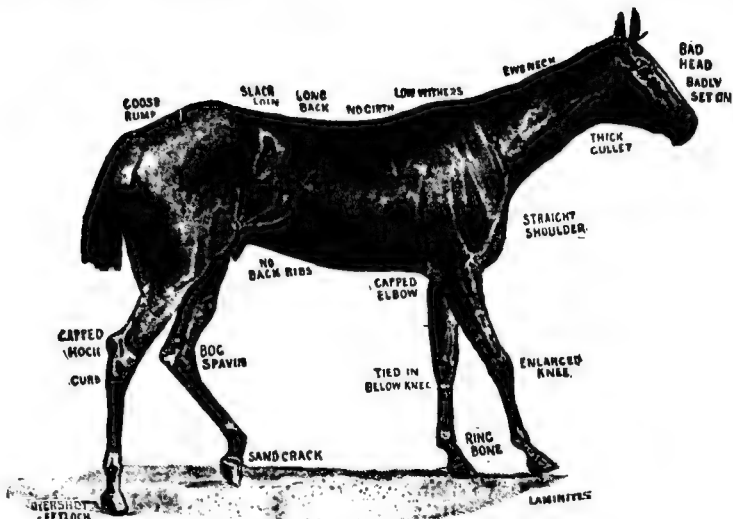
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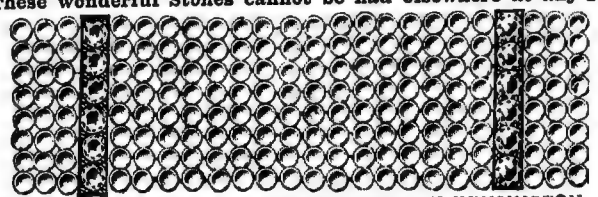
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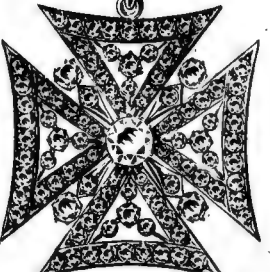
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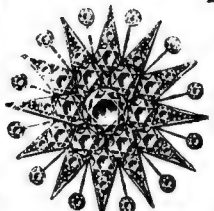
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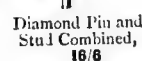
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE wheat harvest began in earnest this season on Monday last, July 31, and this was the date of first wheat cutting on a West Kent farm where since 1893 the first cuttings have been as follows: —1893, July 17; 1894, August 4; 1895, July 29; 1896, July 14; 1897, August 2; and 1898, August 1. The date this year seems to be almost exactly an average. Haymaking on the same farm began on June 19, and ended on July 29 this year, the dates last year being July 1 and August 4 respectively. The yield of hay seems lighter than at first supposed, while wheat promises to be a better crop than seemed likely a month ago. The oat crop is very short in England, but as both Scotland and Ireland have had a full rainfall and over an average temperature, they may reasonably hope for over an average yield of oats. Of the root crops the swedes are irregular and turnips downright bad, but mangolds and potatoes are doing well, and should be fine yields. Dairywomen cannot get enough milk to satisfy customers, and farmers are finding their milch kine getting out of condition. Sheep are selling badly, neither is beef in much request.

FARM LETTINGS

Midsummer lettings are less numerous than at any other quarter, but notices for Michaelmas must be given by June 24, and it is generally known by this date how agricultural property "stands." It is curious that while farming is doing well in no one branch except horse breeding and the rearing of pedigree cattle, the demand for farms once again exceeds the number to let or becoming vacant. Landowners are not able, as a rule, to raise their rents, but they are able to reserve shooting rights and make stipulations ruinously difficult. The rabbit is still far from extinct despite Sir William Harcourt's famous Act. Hares, however, are becoming extremely scarce, and it is difficult to see how under the present law they are to be saved. The demand for farms is mostly for fair-sized holdings, the small farm, except where required for family purposes as a "retired" man's hobby, is rather a drug in the market, and the very big farm is also out of favour. The area in request is from 150 to 400 acres of mixed land, but too much arable is regarded as a drawback. The "derelict" farms of Essex have been almost all of them taken up, and in a good many cases by farmers from the Scottish Lowlands.

THE UNPROFITABLE FARM

A well-known agriculturist of real knowledge and skill in his

calling died two years ago, and his son has now succeeded in getting the farm budget for ten years in good order. It discloses a loss of ten thousand pounds on eleven years' farming of 950 acres, which is as nearly as may be a loss of 1,000l. a year net. When the expert knowledge of the deceased agriculturist is reckoned at ten per cent., his personal attention as his own chief bailiff at three pounds a week and the interest on 10,000l. working capital at only three per cent. is also included, it will be found that the loss amounts to 1,550l. per annum. The present owner would have been 17,050l. in pocket if in the year 1885 his father had simply given up farming and turned to any means of earning three per cent. Even if he had done nothing but lived on the interest of his 10,000l. the son would now be 13,750l. better off. The period from 1888 to 1896 was the worst through which English farming has passed, but it is doubtful if even to-day the farm does more than pay ordinary Consols rate of interest on capital invested.

SATURDAY SHOWS

After careful discussion, the Royal Agricultural Society have rejected the proposal to have the show open on Saturdays. The keeping the cattle, &c., at the show over a *dies non*, the Sunday, is a clear loss not to be entertained; that is why shows now open on Monday. But why should they not open on Tuesday and close on Saturday instead of closing on Friday as at present?

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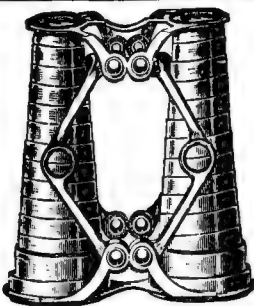
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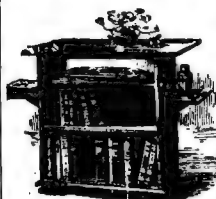
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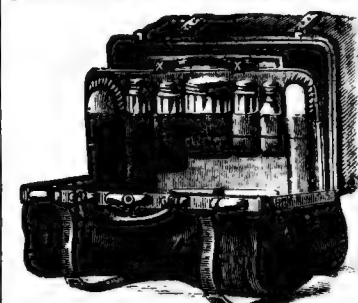
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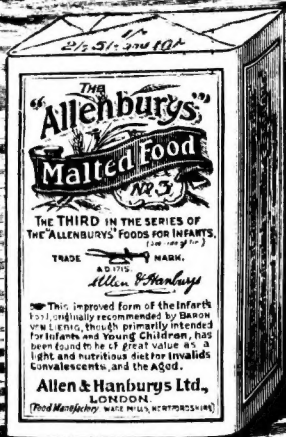
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